BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

VOL. XXIV. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897. NO. 52

Republican County Convention.

In accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the Republican County Committee, the Republican voters of Bucks county will meet in mass convention, in Lenape Hall, Doylestown, on Monday, the second day of August, 1897, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of choosing five persons to represent the Republicans of Bucks county in the coming State Convention. By order of

JOSEPH W. SHELLY,
Chairman Republican County Committee.

Attest: GEO. W. MCINTOSH, WESLEY HALDEMAN, } Secretaries.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse O. Thomas are at Atlantic City.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Shoemaker are at Atlantic City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Minster returned on Tuesday from Atlantic City, N. J.

—Miss Alice Lippincott has been visiting at Emporium for the last two week.

—Mrs. Clarence Hutchins left on Tuesday for Renovo in the northern part of the State.

—Rev. P. Rioseco, a Greman, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday at the Presbyterian Church.

—The Misses Swain gave an afternoon tea to a number of their friends on Tuesday afternoon.

—Harvey S. Rue has put down a new flag stone pavement in front of his properties on Mill street.

—Edward H. Foster, wife and family are visiting relatives and friends in the New England states.

—Business at Thos. L. Leedom & Co's. large carpet mill is reported to be better this year than last.

—A. C. Rommel, of Philadelphia, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. White for a few days this week.

—Miss Sara May Jones and Miss Ruth Davis, of Phila., were visiting relatives and friends here last week.

—The trolley party of the St. Paul's Mission was postponed last evening on account of the inclemency of the atmosphere.

—The Misses Frazer, of Newark, and Miss Teresa Dorrance, of Merchantville, N. J., are visiting relatives in Bristol.

—Mrs. A. E. Baylies and son Freeman, are spending several weeks in the country near Hulmeville, at Aldrich Everett's.

—Dr. J. Albert Hawke has been assigned to duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where the family will remove from Ocean Grove in the fall.

—S. B. Ardrey & Sons have received the contract for putting in the hot water heating plant for the Young America Fire Co., of Burlington.

—Letters remaining in Bristol Post Office for the week ending July 29, 1897: Geo. Hunter, 723 Otter street; J. E. Deild and C. R. Sutherland.

—This season has been so cold and rainy that there have not been so few campers for a number of years on Burlington Island, opposite Bristol.

—The picnic which was to have been held by the First Baptist Sunday School to-day, will be postponed until one week from to-day, Thursday, August 5th.

—Letters of administration were granted in the estate of Thomas Hines, by Register C. S. Gulick, on Monday, to Hannah R. Hines, sister of the deceased.

—The county meeting for the election of delegates to the State Convention, is to be held at Doylestown on Monday. It is expected that Bristol's representation there will be small.

—Joseph B. Minster, who enlisted in the United States Army, has been assigned to duty at Fort Meyer, Va., opposite Washington City. He is a member of Troop G. of the 6th Cavalry.

—At a meeting of the Membership committee of W. R. A., on Monday evening, Mrs. Geo. A. Shoemaker, Louis A. Hoguet and Thomas Hennesey were admitted to membership.

—This rainy weather is more enjoyed by the unfortunate individal who was unable to take a vacation than those who are supposed to be enjoying themselves at Atlantic City and elsewhere.

—Page Lawson, sexton of the African Methodist Episcopal Church dropped dead on Mulberry street on Saturday evening. Deceased was about 40 years old. This makes three sudden deaths in Bristol inside of two weeks.

—A large number of wheelman are expected to pass through Bristol on next Sunday and Monday, on their way from New York to Philadelphia to attend the national bicycle meet of the L. A. W., to be held at Willow Grove.

—John E. Smiley, had a hearing before Esquire Booz on Tuesday evening, charged with threatening to kill his wife and children He was bound over in the sum of $300 and $100 to keep the peace. In default of bail he was committed to the county jail.

—The Races at the Driving Park on Saturday afternoon, will be enlivened by a mule race. They are not expected to break any records, but this will detract from the interest it will arouse. There will be a number of the local horses that will strive to be winners on that day. weather permitting.

—Shull's news agency is about the only place in town that has done a good business this week. The merchants along Mill street have been there purchasing novels, magazines, etc., to read during the day to help pass away the time, as there has been absolutely no business on account of the incessant rain.

—The cloudiness and rain which has pervaded this section of the country for so long a time has turned the trunks of the trees all green, the sidewalks have become covered in places with moss, it not being necessary to step on a bannana skin to slip upon them. It was also thought that the citizens had lost their memory, and could not picture in their minds what the sun looked like, because when it shown this morning people could be seen everywhere looking at it throught pieces of smoked glass. It was discovered however that it was only the eclipse that was attracting their attention.

The 104th's Reunion.

September the 16th, the date of the Eighth Annual Reunion of the Survivors of the 104th Regiment and Durell's Battery, will be the first time in Bristol's history that an an organization of this character will have come here. The regiment was a local one, being formed in Bucks county. And in honor of the service performed by it during the war the citizens of Bristol should show to the members of the Survivors' Association, how its services were appreciated by them, by having the stars and stripes displayed from every house in the town.

Displaying the national colors should not end the honor shown them either. The day should be a public holiday as near as possible and the old soldiers given a rousing good time, one such as is seldom had by them and one that they will cherish in their hearts and long remember. If the several committees appointed to manage this affair should receive the hearty co-operation of the citizens of the town, the day will then be a great success and the soldiers would know full well the appreciation of their services had by our residents, and Bristol's good name would go another notch higher.

The 104th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Infantry, was enlisted under special authority of Secretary of War August 21, 1861, and mustered into service of the United States by Col. W. W. H. Davis for three years, at Camp Lacy (Camp of Instruction), Doylestown, Pa. Left Camp Lacy for Washington, D. C., Nov 6th, 1861, and spent the winter at Kalorama Heights and Meridian Hill. Was mustered out at Cooper Refreshment Saloon, Philadelphia, October 1st, 1864.

One hundred and eleven men of the Regiment re-enlisted on Morris Island, S. C., as veteran Vols., which, with the recruits received since the original muster, were organized into a Battalion (about 500 strong) and afterward filled up into a full Regiment under Lieut. Col. Theophilus Kephart, and was mustered out August 25, 1865.

The only surviving members of the 104th living in Bristol are Sergeant Lewis J. Hellings and William A. Barnhill. Mahlon Moss was also a member until his death a few weeks ago. Some of the other surviving members from this vicinity are Anthony Burton, Penns Manor; William Woodside, and John Morgan, Tullytown; Edward Severns, Fallsington, and Edward Witham, Hulmeville. George Douglass, of Hulmeville, and Charles McCorkle, of Newportville, belong to Durell's Battery.

—It is with pardonable pride we refer to the announcement which appeared in the published list of the committee assignment of the 55th Congress, that the honorable member from the VII Pennsylvania district, besides being continued on the important committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce, has as well been placed as chairman of the committee on Expenditures of the Post Office Department, and in warmly congratulating our representative upon this new honor which has come to him We cannot refrain from referring to the fact that it was all made possible by the Republicans of the district adopting the wise policy of continuing in the halls of national legislature so capable and experienced a representative. Nor is the value of this compliment thus paid our representative, and through him the republicans of the district, lessened by the remembrance that it has been conferred by that distinguished citizen of the republic, that wise and able statesman, Thomas Bracket Reed, of Maine.

—The Methodist Sunday School classes of young ladies taught by Mrs. John K. Young and Mrs. Charles Brudon had a trolley party on last Tuesday evening, to Langhorne and return. The trolley company was in doubt as to whether the party would go or not on account of the rainy weather on that day, and the car did not arrive until late. The refreshments which were to have been had upon the return of the car, were partaken of early in the evening, at the residence of Mr. John K. Young on Bath street, where the yard had been decorated with electric lights and lanterns for the occassion. But before those who had been taking plenty of time to the enjoyment of their portion of the refreshments had endulged themselves sufficiently the trolley car came a whizzing along and everything had to be dropped and a general scramble ensued for seats. Five pieces from Grove's orchestra furnished the music in the car. It was a quarter of ten when the party left Bristol and very nearly twelve when they arrived home.

An Unknown Man Killed.

The body of an unknown colored man was found in a horribly mutilated condition yesterday morning at about four o'clock, by the night track walker laying, on the tracks between the Neshaminy Creek bridge and Croydon station. The man is supposed to have fallen from a freight train between two o'clock and four of that morning. Evidently more than one train had passed over the body as not a shred of clothing was left upon it and none could be found near it large enough to escertain what part of the apparel it was from. Both the legs were cut off, a part of the head missing and the arms twisted out of shape. The remains were removed to Bristol, and will be buried in the potter's field to-day unless claimed or identified.

—It seems rather foolish for Town Council to be passing ordinances relating to bicycles. Doylestown isn't a bicycle town. It is merely a hilltop from which wheelmen start to get out into the country, where there are better roads. Nobody rides a wheel in the borough limits for pleasure. They happen to live here and it is necessary to pass over the stones, ruts or mud to get to and fro. Even the pavements are too rough to ride upon in most places.—Republican.

—On Thursday evening Miss Carrie Gillam, eldest daughter of 'Squire and Mrs. Harvey H. Gillam, gave a trolley party to the "Far and near Club." Guests were present from Philadelphia, Trenton and various points in this and Montgomery county. Music enlivened the occasion and refreshments were served at Bristol.

—The butter trade is one of the most important in Ireland, amounting to seven million sterling a year.

The Dingley Bill.

It is quite possible that there has not been an Act of Legislation placed upon the statute books within the past generation so important to the welfare, happiness and prosperity of the Borough of Bristol as that which was created into the laws of the land by President McKinley's signing the Dingley tariff bill What it means for the people of the town can best be realized by the recollection of the conditions within our borough during the years in which the Wilson bill was in force, which recollections bring with them the further realization of how interwoven are the interests of our working people, our store keepers, our landlord, with the successful operation of our industrial establishments. It has taught us too as a community we have outgrown the days when we represented only the accumulated wealth and the center of the farming district which surrounds us, and have passed into the ranks of a manufacturing center. As lessened employment, distress and want followed the lessened activity of our mills, so will an opportunity to labor with its accompanying rewards follow their return to normal operations

That the new bill will aid in affording this opportunity to labor we have every confidence, already as if in anticipation we have greatly improved conditions. Over a year and two years ago, mills which were then running part time are now fully employed, those which managed to keep their people working single time during those trying years are now running over time, and we also have to record the location of two new industries, small though they are, within our limits. All of this means more employment, more money in circulation for every one who is a part of the life of our community.

It is also most gratifying to note that the Dingley tariff bill was enacted into a law with much less opposition from the opponents of protection than has been shown against any tariff measure since the war, and that in its final passage received affirmative votes from members of all parties. Let us hope that the conclusion to be drawn from this is that the conservative thought of the people has concluded that the violent changes in the economic policy of the government is most injurious to the best development of the country, and that the wish to have the Republican policy of protection promptly enacted into law will be followed by the desire to allow it to remain on the statute books sufficiently long to vindicate the claims made for it by those who were responsible for its creation.

The Bullitt Bill Still Intact.

Governor Hastings has simply met the expectations of the people of Philadelphia in refusing to approve the Becker bill, a measure nullifying the best and most important features of the existing charter under which this city is governed. In his veto message, published in full elsewhere, and which deserves to be carefully read by every voter of this city, the Governor shows that the purpose of the bill is to destroy executive responsibility, nullify the civil service provisions of the charter and make the Select Council the real Executive head of the city government.

As the Governor well says in the last paragraph of his veto message, the bill is without a single merit to commend it, so much so that not a single argument can be advanced for its enactment, and furnishing in its own provisions the strongest possible reasons why it should not receive Executive approval. The existing city charter was adopted to remove the evils which this bill was designed to restore, and to have approved its outrageous provisions would have been to undo all that has been gained in the better administration of our city affairs in a quarter of a century.

While Governor Hastings has done no more than his sworn constitutional duty in vetoing a measure so destructive of every sound principle of municipal government, it is now well known that he had to make choice between doing his duty and serving the most powerful political forces in the State. In view of the political and personal pressure brought to bear upon him to secure approval of the bill he deserves unqualified commendation for his manly determination to serve the public rather than selfish partisan leadership, and especially for having shown in terse and vigorous langange the vicious and utterly indefensible nature of the measure.

The Commonwealth is to be congratulated upon a Governor who has an exalted estimate of the high responsibilities of his position, and who will be neither bullied nor bribed into betrayal of the interests of the people who have chosen him as their Chief Magistrate. The veto of the vicious Becker bill may be confidently accepted as foreshadowing the disapproval of all the personal and factional jobs left in his hands by the late Legislature.—Philadelphia Times.

—The Poquessing creek, swollen by the recent heavy rains overflowed its banks last week. The two bridges at the pike and Red Lion roads backed the flood up on the grounds at Red Lion Inn. Tables, benches, and chairs in the meadow were carried away before the danger was recognized The water rose so high that it filled the cellar of the hotel. The fences on both sides of the pike were carried away, and gullies were washed out in the road bed. The new rustic bridge, connecting Col. Morrell's meadow with Torresdale Park, was swept from the upper bank, and now lies a wreck upon the park side. The water has not been so high at the pike for years. The road was not passable for several hours.

May Buy American Flags.

A new law, passed by the recent Legislature, authorizes Boards of School Directors to purchase American flags and defray the expense out of the school fund. The text of the law is as follows: That the Board of Education or the board of trustees in the several cities, towns, townships, boroughs, village and schools and school districts of this State, may purchase a United States flag, flag-staff and the necessary appliances therefor, and shall display said flag upon, near or in the public school building during school hours, and at such times as the said Board may deem proper; and that the necessary funds to defray the expenses to be incurred herin shall be assessed and collected in the same manner as moneys for public school purposes are now raised by law.

The new law goes into effect at once, and all Acts inconsistent therewith are repealed.

THE RED LION INN.

Where the Continental Army Once Encamped.

The Red Lion Inn, situated on the Bristol Turnpike at the point in Bensalem township, Bucks county, where the road crosses Poquessing creek over the quaint old arched stone bridge, is one of the oldest in the lower part of the county. The inn is surrounded by large trees and being on the banks of the stream naturally presents a picturesque aspect that invites the traveler to stop and rest amid the pleasant surroundings.

It was in 17[illegible]9 that Philip Amos petitioned

RED LION INN.

On Bristol Turnpike, near Torresdale. David Campbell, Manager.

the court to keep a public house of entertainment there. This became the Red Lion and Amos was probably the first landlord, and maybe the builder. The inn is a substantial stone building with wide piazzas on two sides, and with stone stables across the road. In 1770 it was still kept by Amos' widow. Elias T. Hall, the father of Lewis O. T. Hall, the present owner of the property, was the host for many years. He was preceded by his father, Jacob Hall, who purchased from Samuel French in 1845, who was preceded by Jonathan Thomas in ownership. Ann Kemble sold to him, and she erected the lower portion of the building. John Hill, Samuel Hazlitt, and John Hart were also previous owners. Hart's deed dating 1785. Hart sold to Henry Clayton Baker.

The delegates to the First Continental Congress from Massachusetts, Messrs. Bowdoin, Cushing, Samuel and John Adams, and Robert Treat Paine, on their way to Philadelphia dined at the Red Lion August 27, 1774. John Adams dined there twice subsequently.

In 1081 part of the Continental Army, en route for Yorktown, encamped at this place over night, and [illegible] a company again honored the place in the same way. On Friday, May 7, of this year, four troops of the Sixth Regiment of the United States Army, four batteries of the Fourth Artillery, and Light Battery E., all under command of Col. S. S. Sumner, on their way from New York to Philadelphia to attend the dedicatory exercises of Washington Monument, camped until the following Monday morning near the inn.

The sign of the Red Lion is thought to have originated with the badge of the Duke of Lancaster, who married a daughter of Don Pedro the Cruel, and wore a lion rampant to represent his claim to the throne of Castile. There was a Red Lion Inn at Sittingbourne as early as 1415.

The Red Lion Inn and its surroundings to-day are somewhat different from the inn of a few years ago. The manager of Strawberry Mansion, David Campbell, of Frankford, has taken hold of it, and installed all the modern conveniences for his guests. The inn is now aglow with electric lights, has water under pressure and a new drainage system, and even a telephone is to be found there. Meals can now be had at any hour. The appearance of the surrounding country is also changed. Instead of arriving at the inn in the old stage coaches as of yore, a trolley car now performs the duty.

The trolley line from Bristol terminates at the bridge on this side, while connection is made for Philadelphia by the line terminating on the other side of the bridge.

The new Torresdale Country Club is not far from the Inn and Col. D. V. Morrell's residence is just opposite.

Manager Campbell during the summer months has usually some attraction to entertain the guests who come there on a trolley ride or otherwise

How Coal May Be Saved.

When it is understood that the same amount of fuel is consumed in producing either gas or heat, it is readily seen why one person will use four times as much coal as another without producing any more heat, if as much. When feeding coal after the fire is made, only a small quantity should be fed at a time, and that spread evenly over the suface of the fire, for when fresh coal is added it for a time lowers the temperature of the fire box (just as pouring cold water into a pot of boiling water stops the boiling by lowering the temperature) until the added coal is heated up to the igniting point, when it first begins to burn and adds its heat to the mass. When but little coal is added, this lowering of the temperature will be hardly noticed, but add a large quanity, and it can be plainly seen.

—The Damrosch orchestra at Willow Grove Park gets $150 for each performance or $300 a day, and $2100 a week. The Union Traction Company receives from the Reading Railroad two and one half cents per passenger on the tickets sold to and from Willow Grove. In this way the railroad company helps pay the expense of maintaning the park.

—Newfoundland has at times a pecular visitor, which is thus described: "The occasional grounding of an immense iceberg a short distance from the shore produces an astonishing local climatic change during its stay, preventing the ripening of crops and garden fruits, but presenting at sunset magnificent prismatic or irridescent effects."

—Ice cream 30 cents a quart at the Tivola Garden, Bath street.

LOITERING IN CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I promised to describe for your readers my long California journey with horse and carriage. A few words of explanation are necessary. I came to California last winter on a visit to friends at Bakersfield, the pearl city of the San Joaquin Valley, located 315 miles south of San Francisco, 185 miles north of Los Angeles, 140 miles northwest of the far-famed Death Valley, and 150 miles from the Pacific Coast. This, the largest valley in the State, extends more than 400 miles in a northerly direction, the town of Bakersfield being situated about 30 miles from the southern border. This entire valley at one time was a barren waste, but a small portion of it is now under irrigation and is yielding bounteously. It is completely walled in by the Sierra Nevada mountains on the east and the Coast Range on the west. I had seen much of this big valley, and knew of its wonderful fertility and of the blazing heat of summer, but of the mountains and table-lands I had learned very little. One day Senator Smith, of Kern county, said to me: "Why don't you get a horse and carriage and drive to the ocean, then you may learn something about this country. It is your only way. There is no railroad, and even if there was, what could you see? It is a thinly-peopled section, and a wild country, but it's a wonderful trip. Suffice it to say I acted promptly upon the suggestion. Yes, I did a great deal more. I have driven more than four times that distance and am still rolling! I have been dieting on California sunshine and California fruits, and surprising my vision with California wonders, and inhaling odors from the flowers of weeks.

A trim brown blooded mare, a 450-pound top carriage, a box of axle grease, a few light tools in case of emergency, a Marlin repeating rifle with 400 rounds of ammunition, two large grips containing changes of clothing, a jug of water, a big, filled lunch-box—and we were off, i. e., your correspondent and his better half. How could a sincere, a devoted, an affectionate husband leave a pleading wife at home on a journey as interesting, as novel, as romantic and exciting as this promised to be? Well, he couldn't and didn't!

It was ten o'clock on a bright June morning when we bid adieu to friends, reined into the main thoroughfare leading westward, and away we sped. It was hot. It was dry. It was dusty. This trip, remember, was no camping expedition. We started out with well-matured plans to reach specified points each day, carried no bedding, but instead, letters of introduction to three ranchmen, about the only settlers along our route for one hundred mile, with whom we hoped to find shelter on as many nights, or until we should cross the great divide. The journey seemed almost hazardous, for the mountains, through which our course lay, had scarcely no inhabitants except mountain lions, coyotes, deer and bear, with now and then a ranchman, most of whom were of the Greaser type.

'Twenty-five miles due west of Bakersfield is "Headquarters" ranch, one of the distributing points of the great Miller and Lux property. This is our objective point the first night. Ten miles out we left irrigating ditches, green pastures, verdant meadows and golden orchards behind. Let the readers of GAZETTE understand that Bakersfield is a gem, an emerald, if you please, set in this great desert. The land thereabouts is under the irrigation ditch, but as we left the town we left verdancy, flowers, life, homes; yea, it seemed, almost civilization.

And then following the plains, the accompanying sage-brush, not small patches here and there, but solid sections of this dead-gray bush, the very presence of which is suggestive of loneliness. And how the lizards and horned toads did scamper away as we slowly raised the dust along the lonely road. Not a green thing in sight. Not a verdant blade of grass. Not a struggling wild mignonette nor baby blue eyes to soften the light reflected on the gray landscape. The flowers of spring had passed to their reward. This very ground which had been a bloom with wild flowers in April did not seem to contain an essential element necessary for vegetable growth now, and yet it only lacked one element—water.

And it was through such a dead, gray, sterile section that we drove with clouds of dust following us for hours, when a building a mere speck, appeared far in the distance. Larger and larger it became, then a cluster of trees, stacks of grain, herds of cattle, enclosed fields, all came out clearly, and at four o'clock we reined in at Headquarters' ranch, the distributing point of the millionaire stock-raisers, Messrs. Miller and Lux. What a wonderful transformation! And we are so quickly off the desert and in the midst of green pastures and grain fields, and a garden with such a rank growth of onions and lettuce and beets and carrots as it has rarely been my privilege to look upon! Above me and to the south are the low barren hills of the Coast Range; westward,

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

A Peculiar Ordinance.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Will you permit me to disagree with your views about the new bicycle ordinance. I am astonished that you have so little regard for the public good as to question its wisdom. How can you think it is proper for any person to ride "more than two machines abreast?" I think any reasonable man (or woman) ought to be satisfied with riding one machine and I am astonished that the Borough Council will permit the riding of two abreast. I have seen a man ride four horses abreast at a circus, this may be all right in the circus ring, but I quite agree with council that such exhibitions would be improper on the public streets and with bicycles too! If a fellow must ride double let him take a tandem

Then too it is very proper to prohibit "riding crosswise." It offends all the proprieties to see a fellow go sailing down Radcliffe street crosswise, with his head on one side of the machine and his heels on the other, he ought to sit straight in the saddle with just half of himself on each side and if he won't do this he ought to be fined. It is time this crosswise business was stopped! I will admit that the prohibition against "curving to and fro" might be amended. I think the fine ought to be $2.49 for "curving to" and $2.51 for "curving fro." Curving fro is I think in the opinion of all experts a little more dangerous in the crowded condition of our streets than curving to, and the two offences ought to be distinctly separated. Then too it is sometimes considered necessary by riders to curve to, for instance when riding after a rain some fools actually prefer to curve to when about to dismount so as to step off on the sidewalk instead of in the mud and anybody who is fool enough to prefer to step on a dry sidewalk instead of a muddy road ought to pay $2.49 for doing it. Curving fro there is absolutely no use for. It indicates a maliciousness of disposition that ought to be worth $2.51 to the borough at all times.

"Riding without having control of the machine" too, ought to be strictly prohibited, though I think it might be well for council to designate which machine. In the present condition of local politics the court would probably hold that this did not refer to the Democratic machine though as we have a Democratic Burgess there might be some doubt about this. In the case of the Republicans however, who is to deside whether the reference is to the regular old line machine controlled by the Boss, or to the Business-Mens Bannister bang up new machine. Still I guess its about right after all, if a fellow can't control all three machines he has no business to ride.

Section 11 is immense, just the thing! We want to stop this continual "playing of musical instruments" while riding, and this "carrying of awnings" is fearful, and it is high time the practice was stopped. I have often wondered what impression riders [illegible] when they see our awnings! Those corrugated iron awnings with iron posts that some of our riders rig over their wheels look exactly like grocery stores broken loose. The striped canvas ones that open and shut with strings and have the little frilled borders bound in red, are much better from an aesthetic point of view, but they are awnings all the same and should not be allowed. It isn't proper to make bicycle riding comfortable anyway and if these awnings are not suppressed the first thing we know we will have the ladies riding about with parlor cook stoves strapped on to their wheels, gadding about town and cooking their husband's dinner at the same time! The musical instruments are an outrageous nuisance. It wasn't so bad at first when only a few riders played the violin while wheeling along, and an occassional bass drum was not particularly objectionable, nor even the hand organ and hurdy gurdy, but since the children have taken to carrying their pianos along and practicing their scales as they ride up and down the streets, it has passed endurance and become more than a long suffeting community should be called upon to bear.

"Towing a bicycle" too is very properly prohibited. It ought to be made a penal offence for any rider to assist another in any way whatever. Of course no real gentleman would assist a tired lady by towing her and the toughs and bums who do such things ought to be suppressed anyway. This section does not go far enough, it ought to prohibit wheelmen from towing coal carts and canal boats through the principal streets during business hours. This practice is getting to be dangerous and there ought to be a section like this "when any person riding a bicycle shall meet a haywagon towing a buggy upon any of the streets of Bristol Borough the bicycle rider shall immediately dismount and draw his wheel close to the curb in order to give complete right of way to the haywagon towing the buggy."

The provisions about passing teams are not quite explicit enough. Of course there isn't any trouble about passing a team going in the same direction. If it happens to be hugging the left hand curb so the wheelman can't pass to the left, he can dismount and wait until the team gets out of town, but the provision about passing to the right should have this addition "Provided that if there is not sufficient room between the team and the curb to enable the bicycle rider to pass to the right without danger of scraping the paint off of the hubs of the wagon, then the rider of the bicycle shall at once dismount and deposit his wheel flat in the roadway in such manner that the team can most conveniently pass over it with the least discomfort to the occupants of the wagon, whereupon, upon the payment of twenty-five dollars to the Borough Treasurer for the use of the borough, the rider of the wheel may gather up the pieces of his machine and walk home."

Perhaps the whole ordinance might be improved by a new one, much shorter and that would protect the public much better. I suggest the following: "From and after the date hereof it shall be unlawful for any person to ride a bicycle within the corporate limits of the Borough of Bristol except between the hours of midnight and sunrise, or to ride in any other manner than as follows to-wit: "The rider shall walk and shall carry his wheel on his back."

A. W. G.

WON BY A KICKAPOO.

A Pretty Bucks County Maid Falls in Love With "American Horse."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN, IN JAIL!

American Horse, a full-blooded Kickapoo Indian, has been selling his "magic medicine" to the ingenious but unhealthy inhabitants of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, for the last three weeks. A few days ago American Horse pitched his wigwam at Tullytown, added a few streaks of vermillion to his war paint, plumed the feathers of his bonnet and gathered in the wampum of the palefaces with both hands.

At Tullytown lives William Anderson, a farmer with a bank account, and therefore without romance. Farmer Anderson has a pretty daughter, Lizzie, who is easily affected by the picturesque. Miss Lizzie visited American Horse's camping ground, saw him in all the glory of the gasoline lamps that illuminated him and promptly fell in love with him. Her affection completely possessed her as she listened to American Horse extol the virtues of his "Magic Medicine," that is guaranteed to cure everything from warts to locomotor ataxia, but that utterly failed to cure Miss Lizzie's love sickness. Her father, observing her infatuation, warned her thus:

"Kickapoo Indian eh? If you go to that peddling quack's tent again I'll kick a poo Indian out of Bucks. You hear me, Lizzie!"

American Horse does not wear blinkers. He saw that Miss Lizzie favored him, and at once changed his war paint for a pale yellow, the love color of the Kickapoos. Here was the opportunity to gain what he lacked—a squaw, incidentally a pretty squaw—to fill the bottles with "Magic Medicine," to comfort his solitude, to chop wood, to nestle in his bosom, to draw water and cook—in a word, to be his wife, with all that implies to a Kickapoo.

Last Friday, unlucky day, Miss Lizzie disobeyed her good, old father and once more drank in American Horse's words as he told of the results of drinking his medicine. After the Indian had sold a dozen bottles he put out the lamps and his audience, and leading the foolish girl into the shadow of his tent urged her to fly with him. He described, in flowing, gutteral words the happiness and wealth awaiting those who can make magic medicine for ten cents a barrel and sell it for 25 cents per small bottle. Miss Lizzie struggled against this golden temptation, but yielded. They mounted ponies and that very night galloped to Morrisville. Soon they crossed the Delaware River, to Trenton, to New Jersey, where a Kickapoo Indian feels much at home.

Farmer Anderson searched for his daughter all over Bucks county.

"They will try to hide themselves in a great city," said the farmer, at last. So he wired to the police at Trenton to look out for a tall Indian in a pale yellow coat of paint and a pretty girl in a red dress. With almost human intelligence, Sergeant Ditmar, [illegible] railroad station yesterday.

American Horse saw the sergeant's uniform, saw the sergeant approaching him, sprinted around the corner and was lost to view. Sergeant Ditmar took the weeping Lizzie to the Second Precinct Station House, and when her father came there, she was handed over to him. More in sorrow than in anger, he took the wilful girl back to Bucks county.

As soon as they were gone, the lion in American Horse's breast was aroused. He went to the police:

"Give to me the daughter of the aged jay," said he, speaking in the flowery language of the Kickapoos. "I, American Horse, will deal with the ancient Rube. His scalp shall dry in the smoke of my camp fires, and for four moons he shall take his breakfast off the mantelpiece."

"The girl's gone back to Pennsylvania with her father," grinned the police. "Go and get her. There'll be a good Indian in Bucks if you do."

But last night, Lizzie, red-eyed, sobbed herself to sleep at Tullytown. While the redskin, at Trenton, did a fine business in "Magic Medicine," which, alas, does not cure heartache.

(The above is from the New York Journal.)

The sequel was more prosaic. Torn by the pangs of love, American Horse on Monday ventured across the river into Bucks county, in defiance of the threat of the irate father. The Indian chief was soon in the clutches of the law.

A warrant, placed in the hands of Constable W. H. Peters, of Tullytown, charging American Horse with abduction, was served upon the red man. He was given a hearing before the Justice, just such as the less romantic criminal goes through, and in default of bail, was committed to jail.

On Monday afternoon Constable Peters brought American Horse to Fort Aaron, where, under the prosaic alias of Jacob Paul, he mourns the demise of his love escapade.

—Many Bristol boats have been boating steady from Mauch Chunk this spring and summer to the yard of W. F. Leedom who has a large stock of coal especially adapted for house trade.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets. are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

—Don't forget the opening of the Tivola Ice Cream Garden on Bath street Saturday evening. Good music furnished.

—Attention is called to the Ad. of the Rider Business College. This institution is doing a most excellent work for young people, by not only qualifying them for lives of usefulness and profit, but by placing them in positions suited to their tase and abilities.

ROYAL

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Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration, common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

DOWN IN MAINE.

NORRIDGEWOCK, July 24, 1897.

EDITOR GAZETTE—Did you ever hear of Norridgewock? Not, perhaps, unless you have read the history of the aborigines of this delightful region, or the pleasing verses of Whittier's "Mog Megone."

It is a pretty little town, divided into two sections, north and south, by the beautiful, flowing Kennebec. This is crossed by a covered wooden bridge five hundred feet long, which is directly in front of Quinnebasset Inn, where I mingle with the pleasant sojourners, who do their part towards giving an air of cheerfulness and content to this peaceful place of rest, so "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

Attractive, sloping hills everywhere greet the eye, which are skirted by numberless trees that give a charm to the view in all directions. From every elevated point the varied landscapes invite the lingering spirit of admiration, and the simple charms of nature are sufficient to adorn and enliven the prospect.

This place, so quiet, so peaceful, so solemn, is one hundred and one miles north-east of Portland. Eastward, something over a hundred miles, is the Bay of Fundy; and the southern point of Nova Scotia is perhaps fifty miles further south than Norridgewock. Do not imagine that the air in this vicinity, because it is so far north, is any cooler during these July days than that which circulates about the banks of the Delaware. In temperature you would hardly notice the difference, but the air has a fresher, kindlier tone. What a northwest wind would be I know not, as we have failed thus far to make acquaintance with the breezes that blow from that quarter. No doubt it would be a welcome change from the southwest winds that have persistently prevailed since our coming.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

House for Rent.

For rent—9 roomed house. All conveniences; hot and cold water; bath, electric and [illegible] throughout, or At 212 Jefferson avenue. Address
C. A. WILSON, Bristol, Pa.

Lodge Room for Rent.

Lodge room in Pythian Hall for rent Largest and best equipped room in town. Also room for entertainments, fairs and suppers. Full equipment of dishes, tables, kitchen utensils, &c. For terms &c. apply to
L. C. WETTLING, W. H. P. HALL, GUSTAV RATHKE, } Trustees.

Hair Restored to its Natural Color.

At the old reliable hair cutting saloon, 216 Dorrance street, the proprietor, Asher J. Conn, by the use of the Swiss Hair Restorer, is able to restore to its natural color the hair of his patrons that has commenced to turn gray.

Real Estate For Sale.

A very desirable property situate on Radcliffe street, near Mill, in Bristol borough. The building consists of a one story frame store building and is especially adapted for store or office purposes. Price low. Terms easy. Apply to HOWARD I. JAMES, Att'y. at law

Notice of Removal.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, specialist in the painless extraction of teeth with nitrous oxide gas, has removed from 912 to 1122 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Grocery Store For Sale.

Apply to 221 Dorrance street.

Bucks County Trust Company,

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Incorporated in 1886.

Authorized Capital	$250,000
Capital paid in	$125,000
Surplus Fund	$70,000

The Company acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee under Wills and otherwise, Guardian, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, etc. All trust moneys carefully invested and ear-marked. Insures Titles, pays Interest on Deposits, Becomes Surety for Administrators, etc. Safety Boxes rented. Wills kept safely without charge.

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JESSE O. THOMAS. Editor.

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One dollar per year, in advance.

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
The Gazette will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897.

A WOMAN SAVED.

Well, you must know ladies, that I was at Larnaka in 18—. One day I went out of the town to sketch. With me there was a young Englishman named Sir John Tyrrel, very amiable, a good fellow and a good liver, one of those men precious in traveling because they think of dinner, never forget the provisions and are always in a good humor. Besides, he was traveling without an object and knew nothing of geology or botany, sciences which are very irritating in a traveling companion.

I had seated myself in the shadow of a ruin about 200 feet from the sea, which in this spot was overhung by perpendicular rocks. I was very busy sketching the remains of an antique sarcophagus, while Sir John, stretched out on the grass, smoking some delicious tobacco from Larnaka, ridiculed my unfortunate passion for the beaux arts. Beside us a Turkish dragoman whom we had taken into our service was making us some coffee. He was the best maker of coffee and the greatest coward of all the Turks I ever knew.

All at once Sir John cried joyfully: "Here are some men coming down the mountains bringing snow! We will buy some of it and make a sherbet with oranges."

I raised my eyes and saw coming toward us an ass upon which a great bundle was loaded crosswise. Two slaves held it up on either side. In front an ass driver led the ass and behind a venerable Turk with white beard closed the march, mounted on quite a handsome horse. The whole procession advanced slowly and with much gravity.

Our Turk, while blowing on his fire, cast a glance aside at the burden of the ass and said to us, with a singular smile, "That is not snow." Then he busied himself over his coffee with his habitual phlegm.

"What is it, then?" demanded Tyrrel. "Is it something to eat?"

"For fishes," replied the Turk.

At this moment the man on horseback, starting off at a gallop toward the sea, passed quite near us, not without throwing us one of those looks of utter contempt that the Mussulman is always ready to bestow upon Christians. He urged his horse as far as the perpendicular rocks of which I spoke and stopped short at the sheerest place. He gazed at the sea and appeared to be searching for the best place from which to fling himself.

We examined more attentively the burden the ass carried, and we were struck by the strange form of the sack.

All the stories of wives drowned by jealous husbands instantly recurred to us. We communicated our thoughts to each other.

"Ask those rascals," said Sir John to our Turk, "if that is not a woman they are carrying so."

The Turk opened his great eyes aghast, but not his mouth. It was evident he found our question entirely too indiscreet.

At this moment, the sack being close to us, we saw it stir distinctly, and we even heard a kind of groaning or grunting come from it.

Tyrrel, though a lover of good cheer, is very chivalrous. He jumped up like a madman, ran to the ass driver and asked him in English, he was so beside himself with rage, what it was he was driving thus and what he proposed to do with his sack. The ass driver was unable to reply, but the sack was violently agitated, and a sack with the leathern straps which they used to drive the ass. Tyrrel was beside himself. With a vigorous and scientific blow of the fist he felled the ass driver to the earth and seized one of the slaves by the throat, whereupon the sack, pushed violently in the struggle, fell heavily to the ground.

I hastened to approach. The other slave set to work to gather stones, the ass driver picked himself up. In spite of my aversion to mixing myself in the affairs of others, it was impossible for me not to go to the aid of my companion. Having caught up a stake which served to hold my parasol when I was drawing, I brandished it menacingly at the slaves and the ass driver with the most martial air it was possible for me to assume. All went well, when that fiend of a Turk on horseback, having finished contemplating the sea and having turned at the noise we made, started like an arrow and was upon us before we could think. He had in his hand a villainous kind of a cutlass.

"A yataghan!" said Chataufort, who loved local coloring.

"A yataghan!" resumed Darcy, with a smile of approbation.

He passed close to me and gave me a cut over the head with this yataghan which made me see 36 tapers (stars as my friend the Marquis de Roseville so elegantly expresses it). I returned it, however, by dealing him a good blow over the back with the stake, and then I whirled around on the ass driver, slaves, horse and Turk, becoming myself much more furious than my friend Sir John Tyrrel. The affair without doubt would have gone hard with us. Our dragoman observed a strict neutrality, and we could not defend ourselves very long with a stick against three footmen, one cavalryman and a yataghan. Fortunately Sir John remembered a pair of pistols that we had brought with us. He seized them, threw one to me and kept the other, which he directed immediately against the cavalier who had given us so much trouble. The sight of these arms and the click of the trigger produced a magical effect upon our enemies. They took to flight ignominiously, leaving us masters of the battlefield, of the sack and even of the ass. In spite of all our anger, we had not fired, and that was lucky, for one may not kill with impunity a good Mussulman, and it costs dear to beat him.

When I had wiped myself off a little our first care was, as you may well imagine, to go to the sack and open it. We found there quite a pretty woman, a trifle fat, with beautiful black hair and having for clothing nothing but a blue woolen chemise, a little less transparent than the scarf of William de Chaverny.

She drew herself skillfully from the sack and, without seeming greatly embarrassed, addressed us with a very pathetic discourse, no doubt, but of which we understood not one word, at the end of which she kissed my hand. This is the only time, ladies, that a woman has done me that honor.

However, we regained our composure. We saw our dragoman tearing his hair like a man in despair. I bound up my head as best I could with my handkerchief. Tyrrel said:

"What the devil shall we do with that woman there? If we stay here, the husband will come back re-enforced and overwhelm us. If we return to Larnaka with her in this guise, the rabble will stone us without fail."

Then, notwithstanding his perplexity at these reflections, he recovered his British phlegm and growled:

"What the devil was your idea in going out to sketch today?"

His exclamation made me laugh, and the woman, who had understood nothing, began to laugh also.

Still, it was necessary to decide upon something. I thought the best thing we could do would be to put ourselves under the protection of the French consul, but the greatest difficulty was the return to Larnaka. The day was drawing to a close, and that in itself was a fortunate circumstance for us. Our Turk made us take a great tour, and, thanks to the night and this precaution, we arrived without hindrance at the house of the consul, which is outside the city. I forgot to tell you that we had contrived a fairly decent costume for the woman out of the sack and the turban of our interpreter.

The consul received us very ungraciously, told us we had been fools; that the usages and customs of the country where one was traveling should be respected; that you should not put the finger between the bark and the tree. * * * In a word, he reprimanded us roundly, and he was right, for we had done enough to occasion a violent plot and a massacre of all the French on the island of Cyprus.

His wife was more humane. She had read many novels, and found our conduct most generous. In fact, we were treated like heroes of romance. This excellent woman was very devout. She thought she could easily convert the infidel we had brought her; that this conversation would be mentioned in Le Moniteur, and that her husband would be made consul general. All this plan passed through her head in one instant. She embraced the Turkish woman, gave her a dress, shamed the consul for his cruelty and sent him to the pasha to arrange the affair.

The pasha was very angry. The jealous husband was a personage, and was raging and cursing. "It was an abomination," said he, "that the dogs of Christians should prevent such a man as himself from throwing his slave into the sea." The consul was greatly perturbed. He spoke much of the king, his master; still more of a frigate of 60 guns which had just appeared in the waters of Larnaka. But the argument with which he produced the greatest effect was the proposition that he made in our name to pay a fair price for the slave.

Alas, if you knew what it was, the fair price of a Turk! It was necessary to pay the husband, pay the pasha, pay the ass driver, as Tyrrel had knocked out two of his teeth, pay for the scandal, pay for everything.

And how many times during all this Tyrrel cried dolefully:

"Why the devil go out sketching on the seashore?"

* * * * * * *

"What an adventure, my poor Darcy!" cried Mme. Lambert. "It was there, then, that you received that terrible scar! Pray push your hair back from it. Surely it is a miracle that it did not cut your whole head open!"

Julia, during all this recital had not turned her eyes from the face of the narrator. She finally asked in a timid voice:

"What became of the woman?"

"That is the part of the story that I care least to tell. The end was so sad a one for me that they are making sport of our chivalrous enterprise to this day."

"Was she pretty, this woman?" asked Mme. de Chaverney, coloring a little.

"What was her name?" asked Mme. Lambert.

"She was named Emineh."

"Pretty?"

"Yes, she was quite pretty, but too fat, and all daubed with paint, following the usage of her country. It requires long acquaintance to appreciate the charms of a Turkish beauty. Emineh was duly installed in the house of the consul. She was a Mingrelian and told Mme. C., the wife of the consul, that she was the daughter of a prince. In that country every rascal who commands ten other rascals is a prince. They treated her, therefore, like a princess. She dined at the table, ate as much as four, and when they talked religion she went to sleep regularly. This lasted some time. Finally they set a day for the baptism. Mme. C. named herself godmother, and asked me to stand with her as godfather. Candies, presents and everything that follows! * * * It was written that this miserable Emineh should ruin me. Mme. C. said that Emineh liked me better than Tyrrel because in pouring my coffee she always spilled some on my clothes. I prepared myself for the baptism in a spirit really evangelical, when, the night before the ceremony, the beautiful Emineh disappeared. Must I tell you all? The consul had a Mingrelian as cook, a great rogue certainly, but unequaled in making pillau. This Mingrelian had pleased Emineh, who was undoubtedly patriotic according to her rights. He carried her off and at the same time quite a large sum of money belonging to Mrs C., the consul ... his wife the trousseau she had given Emineh, I the glass and candies, to say nothing of the blow I had received. The worst of it is that I was held responsible in some way for the whole adventure. They claimed that it was I who had saved that villainous woman, and that it was I who had brought so many disasters upon my friends. Tyrrel knew well how to extricate himself. He passed for the victim, while he alone was the cause of the brawl. As for me, I was left with the reputation of being a Don Quixote and the scar you see, which stands greatly in the way of my success.—From the French of Prosper Merimee For Short Stories.

His Part.

Professor—So you confess that the unfortunate young man was carried to the pump and there drenched with water? Now, Mr Fresh, what part did you take in this disgraceful affair?

Undergraduate (meekly)—The left leg, sir!—London Tit-Bits.

Blest Be the "Ties."

A railway contractor recently advertised for 300 wooden sleepers. By return of post he received a letter from a neighboring clergyman offering him the whole of his congregation on reasonable terms.—London Saturday Review.

Woman's Part.

"What part of speech is 'woman,' pa?"

"Woman isn't a part of speech, my son. She's the whole speech."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Grapes for Coughs and for Singers.

Auntie Rachael, a Holland nurse, has discovered a novel and effective way of using grapes in combination with Elecampane, Root and Horehound for the purpose of curing coughs, colds and sore throat. It is called Aunt Rachael's Elecampane and Horehound Cordial and it is said that physicians are recommending it freely in the East. Singers and lecturers carry a bottle with them.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT, BUFFALO.

Half Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Buffalo, August 23, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Buffalo and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 21 to 23, and good to return not earlier than August 24 nor later than August 31, 1897.

L. A. W. MEET, PHILADELPHIA.

Half Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Philadelphia, August 4 to 7 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special tickets from all points on its system to Philadelphia and return at rate of a single fare for the round trip. No rate less than 25 cents. Tickets will be sold and will be good going on August 3 and 4, and good to return until August 9, 1897, inclusive.

Real Warm Weather Rest and Comfort.

There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen, burning, sore and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample free to any address.

American Institute Farmer's Club.

A committee from this club report the wines of Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J., the most reliable to be obtained, and that his Oporto Grape makes a Port Wine superior to any in the world. His Claret and Brandy have no superiors.

THAT ENDLESS PIN QUESTION.

No Solution of It Expected, but a Few Facts Are Known.

Who has not heard the question, "What becomes of pins?" Millions of them are made in a year, millions are sold, and yet the supply no more than keeps pace with the demand, which seems growing enormously all the time. By a computation made in London ten years ago it was shown that at that time the weekly production of pins in Great Britain was 280,000,000, of which 180,000,000, or considerably more than half, were made in Birmingham. Then 120,000,000 were made in France and 120,000,000 in Germany, Holland and Belgium. Since that time the production of pins has increased largely. The biggest pin manufacturing city in the world is Birmingham, where 37,000,000 pins on the average are manufactured every working day. The other pin factories in England together turn out about 19,000,000 pins daily. The daily output of pins in France exceeds 20,000,000, and Germany and other countries in Europe manufacture about 10,000,000 more daily, the total production of pins being 86,000,000 every day, or 602,000,000 a week in Europe. This is, of course, exclusive of the pin factories in the United States, which number 45, having a capital of $2,000,000, giving employment to 1,600 persons and turning out in a year pins to the value of about $1,000,000. It is calculated that only 1 per cent of the pins manufactured are worn out or broken. The other 99 per cent are lost, but what becomes of them, where they go and who gets them, or why some of them are not afterward discovered and again put to use, are mysteries. At the rate at which pins are manufactured and the rate at which they are lost every third person in Europe and North America must lose a pin a day, and it is to be inferred, though the statisticians take no account of this, that there is some pin losing going on, too, in South America, Asia and Africa, though tourists in the dark continent aver that the garniture there is such that pins are not necessary.

Pins are made of copper and zinc wire. The metal is cast into ingots, which are rolled into sheets after having been annealed several times. Afterward the sheets are cut into strips so fine as to resemble wire, and then by machinery the wires are cut and afterward the pins are pointed and headed. After the completion of this process the inequalities are worn off in a revolving iron barrel filled with sawdust, and then the pins are put in a preparation of tin and are polished by the friction of sawdust to the point of resemblance to the pins of commerce. The process is by no means complicated, but much ingenuity is required, for the competition in pin making is considerable, and the margin of profit from pin manufacture is therefore not so large as to permit the successful operation of any factory not utilizing the most recent improvements.—New York Sun

A Geographical Misfit.

As a state Turkey is a heterogeneous assemblage of peoples under the absolute sway of the sultan. It is a government lacking altogether a sense for the right of a community to choose concerning its own government. It thoroughly represents the oriental idea whereby government is transcendent, a power above and outside the people, and not immanent, a power with in the people. And herein lies the application of the occidental-oriental antithesis to political institutions. The occidental conception of life as active and creative, inhering in active and self moving, autonomous personalities, begets the political idea of what we call self government. The idea which represents personality as self directed in the fulfillment of its own purposes becomes when applied to politics the idea that communities shall be self governed in things belonging to themselves. This is the political upshot of occidentalism. The opposite thereto is the upshot of orientalism. A potentate seated on a very high throne under a very broad canopy and loaded with very costly jewels, with prostrate subjects bowing in obeisance before him—that is the tableau of ... is thoroughly oriental, representatively oriental in its political spirit. Its location upon occidental soil is a geographical misfit, a historical anachronism. It is a stranded wreck, left high and dry beyond the sea walls by a receding tidal wave, but no one undertakes to clear it away because the land on which it rests is in litigation.—Benjamin J. Wheeler in Atlantic.

Where Princeton Got Her Skyrocket Cheer.

On all public occasions student enthusiasm finds expression in the well known Princeton cheer, the "skyrocket," as it has been called. Undergraduates of today may think it has come down from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But this would be an error. All college cheers are of modern date. Princeton's is among the oldest. Nevertheless, 36 years ago it was unknown. Where did it come from? Who invented it? These are momentous questions and are answered differently by different men.

A member of the class of '60 declares that the late Dr. Woolsey Johnson of New York of that class first sounded the "hooray, hooray, hooray, tiger, siss-boom-ah Princeton," in one of Professor Schenck's recitations. But Chancellor Alexander T. McGill of the class of '61 says he remembers quite distinctly when the Seventh regiment of New York went to the war and how nearly the whole college went down through the Potter woods to the old depot by the canal at midnight to greet it as it passed through. The cheers of the boys were responded to by the Seventh with the "skyrockets," which so impressed the youthful mind that it was indulged in at first as borrowed property, and later, as time advanced, was adopted as the college cheer.—James W. Alexander in Scribner's.

Suspicious.

Gentleman (in railway train)—How did this accident happen?

Guard—Some one pulled the bell and stopped the train, and the boat express ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead.

Gentleman—Five hours! I was to be married today.

Guard (a married man) sternly—Look here! Are you the chap who stopped the train?—London Tit-Bits.

A favorite story of Sir Andrew Lusk is that of an old Essex lady who wrote to him after he had passed a heavy sentence on a man for cruelty to a donkey, "thanking him in her own name and in that of all the donkeys in England."

Terrible Pains

In the Stomach—Dreadful Headaches—Face and Neck Covered With Boils—Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—Skin is Now Clear.

"I was covered with boils all over my face and neck. I had dreadful headaches and pains in my stomach. I took medicines, but was not much benefited, and I procured six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking the first bottle I could see an improvement. When I had taken a few more bottles the boils had all gone, my skin was clear, my appetite returned, and my health was entirely restored. I am thankful I ever found such a blood purifier as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I paid out a good deal of money for useless medicines before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. F. BECKWITH, Hurlock, Maryland.

If you decide to try Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Be sure to get Hood's. Price $1, six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

One of the Very Few Ohio Ideas That Did Not Succeed.

"The flying machine fever," said a patent office official, "prevailed very extensively during President Grant's administration, when General Leggett of Ohio was commissioner of patents. Many inventors, or at least persons who supposed that they were inventors, had it very bad, and there was scarcely a week that some flying machine fellow did not turn up or write to the patent office. The great majority of them never even went so far as to make a model, but contented themselves with crude drawings explaining their ideas of aerial locomotion. All of them were poor and wanted the patent office to furnish the money to build their machines. I remember one fellow in particular. He was well known to General Leggett and served under him in an Ohio regiment during the war. He telegraphed General Leggett from Urbana, O: 'Hold patent on flying machine until I arrive. Refuse all applications until you have seen mine.' The general answered him, by mail, however, that the office would consider anything he had to offer, or words to that effect. Then there came from the inventor a daily letter for a couple of weeks describing the invention with great detail. To cut off the supply of letters, the general wrote him a personal letter, with the idea of cooling him down, but it had the opposite effect, for it was followed by the announcement that the inventor would arrive here in a few days and would give an exhibition of the machine. The man did come, and with him came his machine. In shape it was like a sugar hogshead, with the customary wings of nearly all flying machines. It was light, and was made of white cotton covering a spiral steel frame.

Nothing would suit the inventor except that the patent office should take a short recess, while every one connected with it could go out and see the machine fly from the F street porch of the building. The general finally persuaded him that the first exhibition should not be so publicly given and that he and a few others would examine the machine that afternoon after office hours. About 4 o'clock a half dozen or more repaired to the F street porch, and the inventor, after screwing up a half dozen or so springs and counterbalances, announced that he was ready to fly the wonder. It was supposed that he intended to go up in it, but he soon dispelled that idea by saying that the machine he had was but a miniature model of what he intended to make, but that it was sufficient to show what could be done.

Finally he let her go, and to the surprise of every one the machine flew nicely up in the air and across F street. By a miscalculation it struck the corner of the postoffice department building very hard and fell in the area a mass of broken metal, smashing itself into a dozen pieces. The inventor ran across to look at the remnants, and by the time he had returned to explain the cause of the disaster the portico was deserted. 'It was an Ohio idea,' General Leggett remarked, 'and it was one of the very few Ohio ideas that did not pan out.'"—Washington Star.

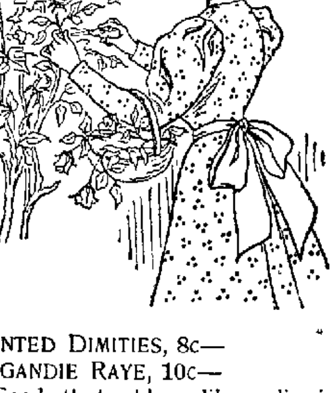
WANAMAKER'S.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 26, 1897.

All Summer and all Winter

Good storekeeping keeps up assortments all the year round—at least we make constant endeavor to have what is wanted these days when, through heat and wet, people come long distances, preferring to deal with us. We never tempt the public by advertising small under-priced lots of anything. Even large lots with us sell out often too quickly—in a morning, or in one day—when for some unexpected reasons we are able to offer special reductions.

Dress Goods A FEW items from many. Interesting news tersely



PRINTED DIMITIES, 8c—
ORGANDIE RAYE, 10c—
Goods that sold readily earlier in the season at 15c and 25c. Fine dainty cloth and delicate printing.

AMERICAN ORGANDIES, 12½c—
A bunch of new effects come from one of our foremost American printers. Blue grounds with white figures. Large stylish plaids. Stripes and allover designs. The latest and choicest of thin summer dress stuffs.

Black Goods EVEN the staplest stuffs are crowned with beckoning prices.
50 in. serge at 50c.
45 in. black mohair at 50c.
And they are July fabrics—and in high favor.
All-silk plain Grenadine at 50c. Serviceable stuff and as staple as muslin.

Marseilles Bed Spreads FINE, handsome, full size Marseilles Spreads, fast back and perfectly made; ready hemmed. Several beautiful patterns. The round-up of a maker's season, and needing their room took a quick loss. Hence the price, $1.50. Would be cheap at $2.

Turkish Bath Towels DO YOU know that Philadelphia brains and energy produce the best Turkish Towels that are made in America? In fact, we can safely say that they beat the world on the grades that sell up to a quarter.
Good, heavy, well made bleached Towels, that would be fairly priced at 16c. are 12½c. 18x40 inches.

Music MONTHLY lists are issued of the Sheet Music we sell. Gladly sent to anyone who asks. As a rule, the music is sold at half the full price.
More than three thousand pieces of Sheet Music at 5c—a list of titles sent, for the asking.
Music folios—"Golden Gleanings of Music"—43 instrumental pieces for piano or organ in one folio. 12c.
"Beautiful Songs," 62 songs and ballads, in one folio. 12c.

John Wanamaker.

—The pain that sometimes strikes a man at the most inopportune moment is due to indigestion. It may come in the midst of a dinner and make the feast a mockery. It is a reminder that he may not eat what he chooses, nor when he chooses. He is a slave to the weakness of his stomach. A man's health and strength depend on what he gets out of his food. This depends upon his digestion. Remove the obstruction by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are a positive cure for constipation and its attendant ills—headaches, sour stomach flatulence, dizziness, biliousness and "heartburn." The "Pellets" are very gentle in their action. They simply assist nature. They give no violent wrench to the system. They cause no pain, nor griping.

Send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

—The County Commissioners have received the blanks for the new alien tax and those who need them can have them on application.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmer's National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, July 23d, 1897;

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$461,193 65
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		6,030 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		246 18
Stocks, securities, etc.		51,843 75
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		736 81
Due from approved reserve agents		43,077 70
Checks and other cash items		1,814 45
Notes of other National Banks		3,208 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		45 59
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank viz		
Specie	$30,350 00	
Legal tender notes	14,450 00	44,800 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)		1,800 00
Total		$664,246 13

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	125,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	14 412 70
National Bank notes outstanding	30,920 00
Due to other National Banks	30,369 76
Dividends unpaid	506 40
Individual deposits subject to check	370,817 27
Total	$664,246 13

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 27th day of July, 1897.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
L. A. Hoguet,
Benj. J. Taylor,
Edwin M. Thomas, } Directors.

Free Musical Education.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

is the oldest and best equipped musical institution in America, and the largest in the world. It has five departments of instruction as follows:

I Department of Music including Pianoforte: Organ: Violin: Violincello: and other Orchestral Instruments, etc, Voice; Lyric Art and Opera: Sight Singing: Theory: Harmony; Composition, and art of Conducting.

II Department of Piano and Organ Tuning.

III Department of General Literature and Languages.

IV Department of Elocution and Physical Culture and College of Oratory.

V Department of Fine Arts.

Room rent, tuition, piano rent, etc., etc., free. Write at once for catalogue and particulars.

JAMES D. BALL,
33 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

RIDER BUSINESS COLLEGE, Trenton, N. J.

The *leading* business training school of the East. Over 500 students in attendance during last year.

Specialists as instructors in every department. The finest equipment. Up to date methods and consequent demand for all competent students to fill good places. 32d Annual Session begins Sept. 1.

Send for catalogue and full particulars to

A. J. RIDER, President, Trenton, N. J.

For Rent.

Cedar ∴ Springs Club House.

Partly furnished. 5 beds and other furniture.

Pike, Snapper and Terrapin fishing in the creek. Blue, Weak, King, and other fish in Barnegat Bay.

Oysters and Clams for the taking.

Quail, Snipe, Rabbits, and Ducks in gunning season.

Rent, $100 Per Year.

Also, Tenant House and 15 acres,

$50 Per Year.

Also, Fully Furnished Cedar Springs Farm House, 5 beds,

$125 Per Year.

Location High, Dry, Cool, Pleasant and Healthy. Salt and Fresh Water Bathing. Pine and Sea air.

The Bubbling Springs relieve Kidney, Gout, Bowel, Bilious and other complaints.

A two weeks' outing won't cost much to be convinced. Address,

J. R. STOKES,
310 High St., Burlington, N. J.

PUBLIC SALE OF OLD-ESTABLISHED STORE PROPERTY.

Will be sold at Public Sale on
SATURDAY, JULY 21th, 1897,
at 2 o'clock, p. m.,

The store property on the corner of Pine and Plum Streets, Bristol, Pa.

The house consists of ten rooms and back kitchen, three on the first floor, five on the second and two in the attic, hydrant water in the house; stable, wagon shed, etc., on the rear of the lot. The lot is 20 feet front by 150 deep.

This property is a valuable one, having been used as a store property for the past 18 years, and is well worthy the attention of buyers.

ALSO, THE ADJOINING DWELLING,

containing seven rooms, three on the first floor and four on the second floor, back kitchen stable on the rear and necessary out-buildings. Hydrant water and other conveniences, all in good order. The lot is 20x150 feet. This property is a desirable one, either for a nice comfortable home or as an investment. These properties will be sold separately or together to suit buyers, on very easy terms. Conditions made known on day of sale.

J. H. KELLY.

Harry G. Benderr, Auctioneer.

Old Red Lion Inn,

Torresdale, Pa.

DAVID CAMPBELL, Manager.

INSTRUMENTAL and VOCAL MUSIC

Every afternoon and evening, (except Sunday),

By First Class Talent.

Trolley cars from Croydon run direct to the Inn.

Fountain House,

DOYLESTOWN, PA,

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, Proprietor.

Railroad House,

Nos. 409 to 415 Mill Street,

Bristol, Pa.

William H. H. Fine, Proprietor.

Delaware House,

Cor of Radcliffe and Mill Streets,

Bristol, Pa.

Mrs. S. E. Lincoln, Proprietress.

Black Horse Hotel,

TULLYTOWN, PA.

On turnpike between Philadelphia & New York.

First-class accomodations. Good fishing in river opposite.

Henry Lovett, Proprietor

Union Hotel,

Bridge Street, Between Smith and Mill,

Morrisville, Pa.

John E. Hellings, Proprietor.

Silbert House,

Nos. 121 to 125 Radcliffe street,

Bristol, Pa.

Mrs. George Silbert, Proprietress.

First-class accommodations and reasonable prices.

Hotel Closson,

Cor. Mill and Bath Streets,

At Trolley Terminus and near R. R. station

Bristol, Pa.

Modern Conveniences

Well Furnished.

Excellent Table.

Well Stocked Bar.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CHARLES W. PICKERING, late of Bensalem Township, deceased

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to

WILLIAM C. PICKERING, Jr.,
HELEN M. PICKERING, } Executors,
Andalusia, Pa.
Or,
GILKESON & WRIGHT,
their Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of BRIDGET McCAFFERTY, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

DANIEL McCAFFERTY,
Administrator.
Or
A. WEIR GILKESON,
his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of GRACE McLAUGHLIN, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN,
Executor.
Or
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
his attorney.

R. B. King

Will furnish you with

One Cow's Milk

For your child.

P. O. BOX 232. BRISTOL, PA.

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3. Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

Groceries

In Great Variety
And Cheap

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest Butter, Teas, Coffees, and Spices the market affords. Fruits and Vegetables in season

EDWARD H. FOSTER,

The DORRANCE STREET . . . . GROCER.

HINDERCORNS The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

If you are CONSUMPTIVE or have Indigestion, Painful Ills or Debility of any kind use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Many who were hopeless and discouraged have regained health by its use.

California Wines.

(QUALITY GUARANTEED.)

Ports
Sherries
Muscatel
Angelica
Tokay
Sweet Catawba
Claret
Rhine Wines

Square Dealing.

$1.00 per Gallon.

Honest Measure.

GIBSON 4 YEAR OLD RYE, $2 GALLON

J. REINSTINE & CO.,

248 NORTH 9th ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Orders over $5 00 Delivered Free.

Frederick Stuckert

General Business Agent.

Real Estate Sold. Rents Collected.
Insurance. Surveying.
Conveyancing.

Office with

John C. Stuckert, Esq.,

No. 107 Mill Street,

Bristol, Pa.

Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,

Engineers.

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING

For Public Buildings, Residences and Greenhouses.

GREENHOUSE VENTILATING.

Pond Street.
Bristol, Pa.

BEST

Lawn Sprinklers MADE.

The "TWIN COMET" (Stationary) Price $5.

—AND—

"LITTLE GIANT" (Traveling) Price $15.

Delivered free with privilege 5 days trial.

These Sprinklers Are

Unique, Efficient and Labor-Saving.

Will sprinkle 4 times greater era than any other sprinklers made.

Highest award at the Chicago Exposition.

Send for Circulars and Testimonials.

MADE FOR

J. B. FELLOWS & CO. E. STEBBINS MFG. CO.
49 Warren St. Sole Agts. & Mfgs.
New York. Springfield, Mass.

For sale by all Hardware and Rubber Stores in the U. S.

Agents Wanted--Can Make Big Money.

R. BUSEMAN,

BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY

AND ICE CREAM SALOON,

Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.

Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Well Made Furniture

—AT—

ASTONISHING LOW PRICES.

Direct from the Manufacturer to the Consumers.

All goods guaranteed to be what represented or money returned.

Oak, Bird's-eye Maple, Mahogany, and Walnut Bed-room Suits from $10 to $150.00.

Oak Sideboards from $9 to $75.

Oak Extension Tables from $2.50 to $35.00.

Wardrobes, Hallstands and Cheffoniers from $4.50 to $55.00.

Mattresses and Bedding a specialty.

Best Made Refrigerators at lowest possible prices. A Guarantee with every refrigerator.

J. Keppler, Agt.

36 N. Second St.,

Next to Christ Church.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. Wilbur M. Peirce,

DENTIST,

NO. 329 JEFFERSON AVENUE,

Bristol, Pa.

AN ORDINANCE

Relating to the riding of bicycles and declaring certain practices of wheelmen to be nuisances, and providing a penalty for the commission thereof.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain,

SECTION 1. That the following are hereby declared to be nuisances.

1. Riding a bicycle on any highway of the Borough of Bristol without having attached to the handle thereof a gong or bell that may be distinctly heard a distance of fifty feet

2. Riding a bicycle after dark without having attached thereto a lighted lamp

3. Riding more than two machines abreast

4. Failure to ring the gong or bell when necessary to warn persons of the approach of a bicycle.

5. Riding cross-wise or curving to and fro on any public highway, or riding without having control of the machine.

6. Failing to pass to the right of any vehicle going in an opposite direction.

7. Failing to pass to the left of any vehicle moving in the same direction

8. Ringing of large gongs or bells and the continuous ringing of gongs or bells without cause.

9. Riding with the hands off the handle bar

10. Riding at a rate of speed over seven miles an hour.

11. Blowing of horns, playing of musical instruments of any kind, or having musical instruments, shades or awnings attached in any way to a bicycle.

12. Carrying infants or small children upon bicycles in any manner whatever.

13. Towing a bicycle by a rope or otherwise.

14. Riding of a bicycle on any pavement or sidewalk of the Borough of Bristol.

SECTION 2. Any person or persons convicted of any of the nuisances designated by this ordinance shall, for each offence, forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars, to be recovered before any Justice of the Peace, in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall forth with be paid to the Treasurer of the said Borough of Bristol for the use of the said corporation.

SECTION 3. All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 12th day of July, 1897.

W. FRANK SOULL,
President of Council.

Attest: J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved the 13th day of July, 1897.

B. S. JOHNSON, Burgess.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL STREET, of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

HORATIO B. BEATTY, Executor,
or his attorney,
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

Sherman & Peirce,

BRISTOL, PA.

Lumber Yard

Fully stocked with all kinds of Building and Finished Lumber, both PINE AND HARDWOOD.

MILL WORK in variety, including STAIRWAYS and HARDWOOD INTERIOR FINISH.

PIONEER CHINESE LAUNDRY.

Always Reliable ——
——Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Lem Wong,

231 Mill Street,

does all Laundry Work in first-class style at reasonable prices. He has been here for years, and relying upon the satisfaction he has always given the public he asks for a continuance of their patronage.

No connection with any other laundry in Bristol. Also for sale Best Tea. Everything good.

CUFFS, 4 cents a pair.
COLLARS, 2 cents.

Upholstering and Repairing

OF FURNITURE of all kinds.

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

No. 109 Cedar St.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Every Woman Knows

What a trial it is to be obliged to use a faulty Sewing Machine. Neither is it economy. Time to most people is money. The construction of our

New No. 9

Wheeler & Wilson,

is perfection itself.

ROTARY MOTION and BALL BEARINGS make it easy to operate, a beautiful stitcher, adapted to all kinds of material that is used in the family.

Send for a catalogue of different styles of woodwork,

WHEELER & WILSON Manufacturing Co.,

1312 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AN OFFICE WHERE

Everything in connection with

REAL ESTATE

IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO

You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

BRISTOL, PA.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

VAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1895.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.20, 10.40 A. M., 3.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.45, 11.30 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 6.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 7.45, 9. A. M., 12.30, 4.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 5.45 8.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.40, 6.02 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 6.00 A. M.

NEWTOWN—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 3.10 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.— rrives at 6.10 A. M. Closes at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.10 A. M., leaves 6 P. M.

Woodburne stage arrives at 11 a. , departs at 12.30 p. m.

Mails for the West and South go by every 1.00 a. m. mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

In effect Monday, June 1st, 1897.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, 7.00, 9.20 and 10.40 a. m., 4.10 and 6.00 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia 7.30 and 11.30 a. m., 2.00, 3.00, 4.00 and 6.00 p. m.

Leave Bristol for Trenton, 4.30 p. m.

Steamer **Twilight** makes daily trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, stopping at Bristol each way.

For times of leaving inquire of agent.

Excursion to Philadelphia, 40c.

Single fare to Philadelphia, 25c.

Sundays—Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, 8.00, 9.20, and 10.00 a. m., 4.00 and 5.30 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, 8.00 a. m., 2.00, 3.00, 3.30 and 6.00 p. m.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 25, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1760.
Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Masonic Building, Cedar street.
Harry J. Arnold, W. M., Bristol,
Harry C. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 199, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.
Meets every Friday night in Pythian Hall
James Stevenson, Chancellor Commander,
Walter F. Hall, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE COMPANY, No. 10, 3D REG. OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.
Meets Thursday night at Armory in Pythian hall.
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
V. V. Vansant, Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 81, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1843.
Meets every Wednesday night in I. O. O. F. Building.
Mahlon Hankins, Noble Grand.
Harvey S. Ivins, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 188—.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Wm. H. Metzcher, Sir Knight Marshal,
Wm. H. Smith, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA P. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1890.
Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Jennie Riley, W. C. C.,
Miss Dora Weyrand, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Charles H. Appleton, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 2, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Isabella Metzcher, President,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Recording Secretary.

R. H. MORRIS CIRCLE, No. 123, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1897.
Meets every other Wednesday in the parlors of No. 2 Fire Company.
Mrs. Marie F. Ely, President.
Mrs. Sarah Romig, Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, Jr. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Thursday night at Pythian Hall.
Herbert Pettit, Councilor,
Charles Silbert, Rec. Secretary.

NONPAREIL COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM
Instituted 1887.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month in Washington Hall.
John G. Street, Regent.
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Tuesday night in Pythian Hall
Thomas Harper, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.
Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall
William Neal, Sachem,
William H. Smith, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTOS.
Instituted ——.
Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Isabella Metzgar, Pocahontas
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 135, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.
Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Charles H. Young, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

KEY OF LIBERTY LODGE, Jr. ORDER AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, No. 1.
Instituted 1892.
Meets 1st Saturday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Wilmer Fisher, W. M.,
Isaac D. Freeman, R. S.

GOLDEN KEY COURT, No. 3, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted ——.
Meets 3rd Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Ruth Lawson, Worthy Mistress,
Miss Hannah Purvis, Rec. Secretary.

COURT ONWARD, No. 89, FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Instituted 1893.
Meets every Tuesday night in Washington Hall.
J. P. Stradling, Chief Ranger,
R. B. Kelly, Financial Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 1, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Instituted 1883.
Meets 1st Thursday night of the month in A. O. H. Hall, Corson street.
Patrick F. Fallon, President,
Thomas J. McGinnis, Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall.
Harry Sheppard, Worthy Patriarch,
George J. Sheppard, Recording Scribe

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 103, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Monday night in Washington Hall
Joseph McDonald, Commander,
J. L. Adams, Rec. Secretary.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 15.
Meet in Washington Hal. every second and fourth Monday night.
Mrs. Asaphi Robinson, Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Guardian of Records.

STAR OF EAST CIRCLE, NO. 66, BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNION.
Instituted in 1897.
Meets every Wednesday evening in Pythian Hall.
Wm. Smirl, Chief Washington.
Chas. A. Wilson, Hon Scroll Keeper.

SHEPHERDS' DELIGHT LODGE, NO. 1, SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM.
Instituted March, 1897.
Mrs. Marie F. Ely, Commander,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Scribe.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect May 16, 1897

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.38, 6.34, 6.53, 7.22, 7.41, *8.14, 8.26, *9.19, 9.53, *10.29 A. M. 12.02, 12.51, *1.14, *2.03, 3.12, 4.04, 4.55, 5.36, 5.43, 6.25, *7.00, *7.32, *7.44, 8.31, 9.27, *10.58 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.29 A. M. *12.03, 12.54, 5.02, 5.36, *7.21, 8.00, *8.20, 8.50, 9.27, *10.58 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12.01, *2.20, 5.00, 6.28, *6.50, 7.34, *8.25, 8.33, *9.00, 9.53, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *3.52, 4.29, *5.00, 5.02, 5.19, *6.00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.48, 9.17, *10.00, 11.17 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.25, *8.33, 9.06, 11.47 A. M. 2.02, *5.20, 6.00, *6.26, *6.35, 7.48, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

J. E. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD Gen'l Passenger Agent

Steamer Florence.

Leaves Bordentown for Philadelphia at 7.15 a. m.
Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8.30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol and Bordentown at 3.00 p. m.
Sunday.—Leaves Bristol 8.30 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.
Leaves Philadelphia 10.30 a. m. and 5.30 p. m.
Boat lands in Philadelphia at Arch Street Wharf.

Location of BOXES AND KEYS. BRISTOL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

24. Box at T. L. Lemoon & Co.'s Carpet Mill. Key at Thos. L. Leedom & Co.'s office.
25. Box at Dorrance and Canal Streets. Keys at Wilson & Fenimore Co.'s Paper Mill office, T. B. Harkins Foundry Co.'s office, Sherman & Peirce's office.
26. Box at Edward T. Steel & Co.'s Mill. Keys at E. T. Steel & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office, Electric Light Station, Fourth ward Hose House.
27. Box at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s Mill. Keys at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office.
34. Box at Doron's office, Radcliffe and Market Streets. Keys at Wm. E. Doron's office, James Wright's store, Police Station, Silbert's Hotel.
36. Box at Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Keys at Comfort's Livery Stable, L. J. Bevan's residence, Douglass' Drug Store.
43. Box at Young's Drug Store, Bath Street. Keys at Young's Drug Store, E. C. Brugler's residence, Wilson Randall's residence, S. W. Hayes' store.
45. Box at Buckley Street, east of Pine Street. Keys at Appleton's Mill office, Lewis Jones' Mill office, James Blanche's Saloon.
47. Box at Otter and Linden Streets. Keys at Gas House, Third ward Hose House, C. H. Lyndall's residence, Chas. Yeaman's coal office.
567. Box at America Hose Company House. Keys at America Hose House, Ticket office P. R. R., Joseph Wright's store, M. L. Hellyer's store.

☞ All Policemen and Night Watchmen carry Keys.

"Only nervous" is sure indication that the blood is not pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures nervousness.

—In Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America, the five great continents, Shaker medicines are being used by suffering humanity for the cure of sickness and disease. Never was there such a universal demand never such such wonderful results.

Shaker Digestive Cordial, a cure for indigestion, is prepared from herbs and roots, and is natural remedy, which cures by aiding nature and not by fighting her.

Shaker Digestive Cordial makes those fat, who have become thin by not digesting their food.

It relieves the symptoms of dyspepsia, and, after using for a reasonable time, finally cures the complaint.

Sold by all druggists. Trial bottle 10 cents

Cereal Coffee Drinkers BEWARE!

If you have been deceived and tried one of the cheap bran substitutes now on the market, claiming to be the original and to have good food value, and you got a pound of poorly roasted bran for your 25c, and a poor, weak, sickish drink (what can you expect from bran), don't be discouraged but try Grain-O. It is made from solid grain, nicely browned and 2 pounds for 25c. Grain-O takes the place of coffee at ¼ the price. Get a package of your grocer to-day.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and tastes like choice coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, callous and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, aching feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

That the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained, for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the highlands of the Hudson), July 27 and August 17. Rate, $100 for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2. Rate, $285 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; $280 from Pittsburg.

To Niagara Falls, excursion tickets good to return within ten days will be sold on July 22, August 5 and 19, September 4 and 16, at a rate of $10 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. These tickets include transportation only, and will permit of stopover within limit at Buffalo, Rochester, and Watkins on the return trip.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28 and October 12. Rate, $65 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia.

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention the GAZETTE and send your full post-office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Members' Race!

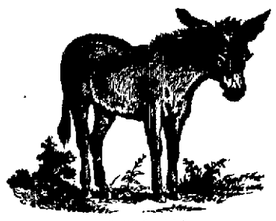
BRISTOL DRIVING PARK

—ON—

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897,

AT 1.30 P. M. SHARP.

The following entries have been made:



3.30 CLASS.

Geo. Mile's s. m. Magnolia
Geo. Hussey's b. g. Harry.
Robt. Clark's s. g. Jim.
Geo. Boehmler's b. g. Billy.
L. C. Rose's b. g. Dandy.
John Betz's b. g. Steve.
Fred Hinmilwright's blk. g. Billy.

3.00 CLASS.

M. Sommerfeld's b. g. Aaron R.
W. Johnson's r. m. Maud R.
W. A. Lantell's b. g. George K.
E. Richardson's br. g. Plowboy.
W. S. Silbert's b. g. Camel.
Dr. J. Patterson's b. m. Lady Brock.
H. Phipp's s. m. Lady.
Fred Gilkeson's s. m. Lucy.

2.35 CLASS.

E. W. Minster's b. m. Lady Y.
Len. Acker's b. g. Intriket
H. H. Headley's s. m. Winnie T.
B. F. Barnes' g. g. Sim
C. A. Ashton's b. g. Kentucky Light.
H. B. Sharp's b. m. Helen M.
T. McFarland's r. g. Florence Boy.

2.50 CLASS.

Joe Wright's blk. g. Patsy Clinker.
W. Downing's blk. g. Coon.
Bert Comfort's blk. g. Black York.
Geo. Horn's s. g. Dandy H.
W. Hogan's s. m. Topsy.
S. Gilbert's b. m. Lily Gould.

MULE RACE.

John Baltz's Donkey, Jack.
H. Baker's Donkey, Jennie.
F. D. Duffield's Donkey, Toby.
R. B. King's Donkey, Cracker Jack.

Ladies admitted to the grand stand free.

TROLLEY CARS RUN DIRECT TO THE RACE TRACK.

Good music furnished by the band. No Children admitted unless accompanied by parents or guardian.

Admission, - - 25c.

A GAME ON SUNDAY.

THEY WERE BETTING ON A JACK POT WHEN THE YACHT UPSET.

Imprisoned In the Cabin Until Guided by a Fish Line to Swim to the Surface—A Reminiscence of Poker Playing Off the Long Island Coast.

"The closest call I ever had," said the gray haired, young looking man, "was in a game of poker, and, curiously enough, nobody called in that particular deal in which it occurred.

"Perhaps you remember one summer about ten years ago when a succession of tremendous squalls struck the south side of Long Island on four successive Sundays. I think it was just ten years ago.

"We had a clubhouse, eight or ten of us, that summer which was located on Hicks' beach, on the extreme western end of the Great South bay.

"We all knew something about sailing—I least of all—but the commodore, as we all called him, was the best amateur sailor I ever know, and naturally we made him skipper, and nobody else assumed or felt any responsibility when he was aboard.

"On this particular Sunday, the fourth in the series of squally Sundays, there were seven of us on the yacht. We had been weak fishing all the forenoon about four miles east of Wreck Head, and had had fair luck, but it was wretchedly hot, and, tiring of the sport, we had run back nearly to Hicks' beach again and come to anchor off the best bathing ground in the neighborhood, opposite the life saving station. Then we had a plunge and after dressing had gone into the cabin. Two of the men had gone to sleep and the rest of us had begun a game of poker. It was the last game I ever played on Sunday.

"After an hour or so there came a jack pot, in which there was some of the most remarkable drawing I ever saw. The broker had opened it on a pair of queens. The commodore sat next, and having a pair of sevens came in. The doctor had three spades with a queen at the head, and being a brush player at all times pushed in his chips. I had been having great luck for a time and decided to rely on it, so I came in with an ace, and the lawyer came also, though he had only two little four spots in his hand. We found out all this long afterward when we were together one night talking over the adventure, and at the same time we learned what the draw was. It seemed so curious to me that I wrote it down, so I speak by the card in telling it. The doctor was dealing, so I drew the first cards. They were another ace and three eight spots. The lawyer caught another four and two tens. The broker got three jacks. The commodore caught a seven and two nines, and the doctor got his two coveted spades. A pair of queens was high hand before the draw, and there were four fulls and a flush around the board after it.

"Naturally enough, the betting began furiously, and the chips on the table were all in the pot presently. We were betting money and were, some of us, feeling through our pockets for our rolls, when suddenly the commodore threw back his head and raised his hand with a sudden gesture that arrested our attention instantly. Dropping his cards, he sprang to his feet and started to rush out on deck, when a lurch of the vessel sent us all sprawling. The squall had struck us. For a moment, while we were scrambling up we could feel the yacht tug at her anchor, and then with a sudden drive dash onward somewhere. Almost at the moment of the snapping of the cable, for it had snapped, we heard a tremendous crash overhead, and we afterward learned that the lurch of the boat had thrown her stick out of her.

"The sudden drive meant that we were drifting helplessly toward the mud flats on the other side of the channel, but before we could ascertain this—in fact, before any of us could get to the companionway—the wretched boat turned turtle. I have heard it denied that such a boat could turn turtle under such circumstances, and I don't pretend to explain how or why it did. All I know is that it did, and it looked as if we had reached our last quarter of an hour.

"The confusion was indescribable. Of course we were immediately standing or scrambling on the ceiling of the little cabin, while everything that had been on the floor fell with us. The water rushed in more than waist deep, and for a few moments it looked as if the little room would fill up completely before we could even think what possibility there was of getting out. Fortunately, however, there was buoyancy enough about the miserable craft, and the cabin was deep enough in the hull to keep it pretty near the water level, and the air in the room was not immediately displaced. At least, that was how I reasoned it out. All that I can say positively is that whereas I expected to be totally submerged I found that I could easily enough keep my head out of water. What air there was in the cabin doubtless helped to keep us afloat, confined as it was, and for a time—it seemed a very long time—we were tossed about, splashed and thrown down, as the boat rocked and pitched, but we were not drowned.

"At first no one spoke. The situation was too awful for words, and it seemed as if we were all so shocked as to be mentally stunned. I know I was for one, and if our escape had depended on my thinking of a means we would all have perished then and there. Fortunately the commodore grasped the situation, and, as we could talk and understand one another well enough, he told us his plan in a few words. It was simple, and it gave us at least a chance for life.

"'You can all swim,' he said. 'Find a fishing line. There are plenty in the cabin.'

"Somebody produced one in a moment. It was on a reel.

"'Hold fast to the reel,' said the commodore. 'I'll take one end of the line and dive through the companionway. I think I can find my way over the side and up on the bottom of the boat. I'll hold my end, and when you feel three jerks make this end fast. Then you will have to follow, one at a time. Don't let go of the line as you go out, and you can't miss the way. I'll hold the other end.'

"'Very good, commodore,' said the broker, 'but I'd better go first. You know what a swimmer I am, and I reckon the man who goes first will have the hardest job.'

"The commodore was disposed to dispute this proposition, but the lawyer spoke up sharply: 'Let him go, commodore,' he said. 'It's a forlorn hope at best, and he's far and away the best swimmer.' So it was settled, and in another moment the broker had disappeared

"Well, that's all the story. The plan worked, and we were all perched on the keel inside of ten minutes. There we were seen by the life saving patrol and were all taken off safely soon after."—New York Sun.

When the London Season Begins.

The "season" begins about the time parliament opens, and parliament's opening and closing depend more or less on fox hunting and grouse shooting. As the "season" approaches, town houses are opened and "green" servants are broken in; secretaries busy themselves with lists and stationery, and the winter campaign begins immediately upon the family's return to town. As a London house is seldom needed for more than the formal entertainments of a season, it is in most cases hired; consequently, it is seldom attractive.

Acquaintances are entertained in the city, and friends are taken into the country to spend the week's end on the family estate, surrounded by the household gods and the most attractive side of all England. There the future members of the house of lords and the belles of some future drawing room ride donkeys, and the older people ride wheels and sit under English oaks and make little water color sketches, and it is easily seen why only social duties take them to London.—C. D. Gibson in Scribner's.

Her Birthplace.

"Strange story that of the Georgia girl who carried a splinter in her foot 44 years, and then had it work out in a petrified state."

"Petrified, did you say?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet anything the girl was originally from Boston."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The feeling of friendliness between the British private and the Sudanese blacks is curiously warm. In fact, so attached are the Seventy-ninth highlanders and the Ninth Sudanese that the latter are known among the troops as the "Second Battalion of the Cameron Highlanders."

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

She Didn't Feel Comfortable.

A Glasgow lady in a hurry to go to church took from her dark closet what she thought to be her dolman.

She hung the garment over her arm, and did not discover until she had thrown it over the back of the pew in front of her in church that she had brought by mistake a pair of her husband's trousers.

She and her lady companion laughed so loud that they attracted the attention of the entire congregation, and no one except themselves understood the cause of the fresh burst of enthusiasm when the choir led off with "As Pants the Heart."—Pearson's Weekly.

At the Height of the Quarrel.

"It's absurd and it's unfair, Maria, to accuse me of swearing. You never heard me utter a profane word in your life."

"You re swearing in your mind right now, John Billus, and you know it! I can tell it by the blank look in your face."—Chicago Tribune.

GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH (During 1897)

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash.
20 Second " " " $100 Pierce Special Bicycles.
40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches.
FOR
Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

For particulars send your name and full address to Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., New York.

THE 360 DAY YEAR.

Why It Had to Give Way to the System Now Used.

There is a story in Plutarch which must convince every reader that one myth at least relates to an alteration made in the Egyptian calendar to extend the length of the year from 360 days to 365. A year of 360 days existed in Egypt at an early period, and may possibly have been arrived at in the way suggested by Mr. F. L. Griffith. The lunar month, from new moon to new moon, being 29½ days in length, the convenient round number of 30 days was taken as a standard, and 12 months, of 30 days each, made up the year. The solar year is more difficult to observe than the lunar month, the intervals being longer, and a year of 360 days was a very convenient and reasonable approximation to it. At any rate, the year of 360 days came into use, and a curious custom at Acanthæ, near Memphis, seems to allude to it. A perforated vessel was filled with water by 360 priests on each day of the year. In the island of Philæ, again, 360 pitchers were placed around the tomb of Osiris, for making funeral libations, and were filled every day by the priests with milk. With 360 days in the year, the ecliptic circle of the heavens, as represented in the charts, would be divided into 360 equal parts, and we must regard it as a relic of this time that the circle is still made to consist of 360 degrees. But so erroneous an estimate of the length of the year would soon be corrected by experience.

It is evident that in about 72 years a cycle would be accomplished in which the New Year's day would sweep through all the months, remaining only six years in each. The same month, so far as its name was concerned, would now be in the inundation time, now in the season of sowing and anon in the time of reaping, and the agriculturist must have been perplexed. A text in the papyrus Anastasi makes reference to such perplexity, and may receive its explanation here. Goodwin translated it: "May Amen deliver me from the cold season, when the sun does not shine, the winter comes instead of the summer, the month is stormy, the hours shortened." Similar confusion would overtake the religious festivals, the New Year, for example, coming five days before its proper time, and then ten days before, and so on, and it might be thought that its observance at the wrong season would displease the gods. The year of 360 days had to give way and ultimately did so in favor of one of 365 days. The precise date of the change is not known, but it is referred to in inscriptions of the time of Amenemha I (circa 2400 B. C.), and may of course have been introduced much earlier. When this was done, the original months were not altered, but a "little month" of five days was interpolated at the end of the year between the month Mesori of one year and the Thoth of the next.—Westminster Review.

She Would Not Stay.

"The situation of your house suits me, mum," said Norah McCarty, who had visited the home of Mrs Tenspot with a view of inspecting the inducements offered for her to assume the position of help lady in the household.

"I am glad you like it," replied Mrs. Tenspot, with becoming humility.

"The pay you offer is satisfactory, too, and the number of people in the family. The room your help lady occupies is pretty good, too, but I must ask you a few more questions before I make up my mind to remain in your service."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Tenspot humbly. "Ask all you like."

"Do you ride a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Tenspot too?"

"Yes."

"Do you provide a bicycle for your cook?"

"Yes, certainly. We have one for her exclusive use."

"I am glad of that. Some people seem to think that cooks ought not to ride a wheel."

"Oh, we would not think of depriving our cook of that privilege."

"What make is the wheel?"

"The same make as Mr. Tenspot's and my own—the Ripsnorter."

"Then, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I can't come."

"Why not?"

"I don't know that make. I couldn't think of ridin anything but the Jimdandy make of bicycle Goodby, mum."—Harper's Bazar.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Oliver Goldsmith.

There is no other valor in the world that even stands comparison with that displayed by the woman called upon to protect her children from violence. There is no weapon that a woman will not wield and no danger that she will not dare. It is before and after their birth that too many women fail to protect their children from the greatest of all dangers, the most blighting of all inheritances—feeble and sickly bodies.

The woman who properly prepares for the greatest event of her life, motherhood—who takes the right care of herself during the expectant period, and sees that she is free from all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine, and may be sure that her baby will be born strong and healthy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best remedy for all forms of weakness and disease peculiar to women. If taken during the period of gestation, she will be free from the usual discomforts; the babe's coming will be safe and easy, and it will be blessed with good health.

Miss Edith Cain, of Clinton, Allegheny Co., Pa., writes: "I take pleasure in expressing my faith in your 'Favorite Prescription.' After two years of suffering I began taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with female weakness for some time and also with a troublesome drain on the system, but now I am happy and well."

Dr. Pierce's wonderful free book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," will be sent paper-bound, for twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. For handsome, durable cloth covers, beautifully stamped, send ten cents more (thirty-one cents in all), to pay extra cost for this style of binding.

No More GREASY LAMPS
Can be Handled with Kid Gloves

NON-EXPLOSIVE

Patented in the United States and Principal Countries of the World. Send for copy of "Neverout" March free.

Price, $4.00 of your dealer, or delivered free on receipt of price by

ROSE MANUFACTURING CO.
311-13 N. THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

CAUTION! Do not be deceived into taking any other, as the "NEVEROUT" is the only lamp that is guaranteed to positively stay lit (or money refunded), that is free from grease—not burns kerosene—and that is absolutely non-explosive.

"A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s
BREAKFAST COCOA

Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious.
Costs Less than One Cent a Cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

Established 1780.

....By....
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

SOLOMON WILDE, Prop. T. W. MASSEY, Mgr.

Poquessing Ice Company
of Torresdale and Bristol.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN and SHIPPERS of ICE MANUFACTURED FROM DISTILLED ARTESIAN WELL WATER.

FAMILY PRICES:

12 lbs daily, 30 cents per week. 20 lbs. daily, 50 cents per week.
16 " " 40 " " " 25 " " 58 " " "

Office, State Street and Grant Avenue, Torresdale.

M. K. BAKER,
Dealer in
NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL
ICE.
Prices Right. Ice is Right.
At prices to compete with others.
Jacob H. White, Manager.
Offices: Cor. Cedar and Walnut Streets and 520 Bath Street.
BRISTOL, PA.

IT COSTS NOTHING
TO HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED
By W. H. PODESTA & CO., Optical Specialists,
113 North Ninth St. above Arch, Phila., Pa.
They have had over fifteen years experience in all the various lines of Optical work, and assure complete satisfaction to every patron. Many ills, inconveniences and discomforts are caused by Eye-Strain, which may be readily relieved if you consult their Specialist and have your Eyes examined by him FREE. He will correctly advise you without cost, whether or not glasses will give you relief.
Should you need glasses, the prices quoted are not equalled, for the same grade of goods:
Solid Gold Spectacles, $2.00; elsewhere $5.00
Steel Spectacles, 50c.; elsewhere $1.00
A Written Guarantee with every Pair.
W. H. PODESTA, will give his especial attention to all callers on Mondays and Thursdays.
☞ OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P. M. ☜

"HOTEL GRAND VIEW,"
Highland Lake, Lycoming Co., Pa.
RIGHT in the heart of the Alleghanies, with their cool bracing atmosphere, and commanding a magnificent view of the Muncy Valley and Woodland Scenery, and equipped with all comforts necessary to the pleasure and enjoyment of guests.
LIBERAL cuisine, and 100 cosy, comfortable rooms with electric bells, spacious piazzas, grounds for lawn tennis, quoiting and other games. Casino connected with Hotel.
Headquarters for L. of A. Wheelmen.
RATES REASONABLE—Send for illustrated circular.
A. E. BURROWS,
MANAGER.

Do you want any Printing?

The attention of the public is directed to the fact that the GAZETTE is better equipped to do Job Printing than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, than any other office in Lower Bucks county. It has the largest assortment of job types selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, and also has a large variety of electro engravings, borders, rules, etc., which go a great ways oft times towards making a good looking and attractive piece of printing. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes, and other requisite machinery which enables work to be done in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

The stock of plain and fancy papers, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety. A fine line of samples of the latest designs in ball programs, tickets, menu cards, society emblems is kept for the convenience of those who wish something especially attractive.

The mechanical department is in charge of and superintended by an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

Our prices are very low compared to the quality of the work given, but we do not care to enter into competition with irresponsible slop shop printers who have no conception of the requirements of artistic printing.

As a proof of our ability we claim that we do more work, and have better facilities for doing it than all the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it, if fair dealing, good work and satisfactory prices will accomplish that end.

All we ask from those who are not now our customers is to give us a fair trial

Gazette Office,
Cor. Radcliffe and Walnut Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

SCHOOL TAX.

The "Duplicate" having been placed in my hands, I am now prepared to receive the School Tax at my place of business on

DORRANCE STREET,

from 9 a. m. to 7 o'clock p. m

Prompt payment will secure a deduction of five per cent.

Edw. H. Foster, Treasurer
Bristol Borough School Board.
Bristol, 7th Month (July) 2nd, 1897.

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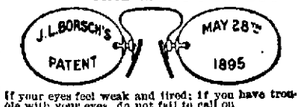

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL
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Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
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POETRY AND PROSE.

POETRY.

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Rapping on her heart.
"Please," said he, "do come and make me
Of your life a part!"

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Raising such a din.
Cold, he trembled in the doorway,
And she let him in.

PROSE.

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Rapping as he swore.
"Wife," said he, "do come and open
This confounded door!"

Love one morning came a-rapping,
Raising such a din.
Cold, he fumbled for the keyhole,
And he let him in.
—Baltimore News.

COLLABORATION.

"I don't want him at all," said Mrs. St. Julian.

"Then why not tell him so?" returned her husband from behind the outspread Times "Surely you needn't stand upon ceremony with Ted."

"But I must get some one to talk to him, Tom. I can't have him on my own hands all day. Let me see. Maud Affleck's at home. I think I'll ask her over. She knows nearly as much about the Mongols as he does. I will write to her at once. She must come on Monday afternoon. Ted proposes to arrive by the 7:15."

The house party assembled for the Cumberleigh cricket week, consisting of the famous Cambridge double blue, Norman Harding and his eleven; the maidens invited to admire the prowess of these heroes; Miss Affleck and the St. Julians themselves, was gathered together in the long library when Professor Alleyne entered it at 8 o'clock on Monday evening. His entry, very quietly made, was followed by a general sensation of disappointment. The youthful company, hungrily awaiting his appearance to adjourn to its dinner, had expected to find in him a more typical specimen of the professional genus. It had looked for a long haired scholar of 50, who should have stooped and worn spectacles and an ill fitting coat. Now Alleyne, who appeared to be about five and thirty and was by no means ill looking, had a singularly upright figure. His clothes were perfectly well cut. He used no glasses and actually boasted a mustache. Maud Affleck, who had been promising herself deep drafts at the fountains of his erudition, reflected sadly that his profound knowledge of all things Mongolian had probably been much exaggerated by report.

Miss Affleck, wise in her generation, let the Mongols severely alone—and not for that evening only. She refrained from mentioning them for two whole days, during which she made herself so unobtrusively agreeable that the professor began to forget she had ever studied at Girton and to wonder how his cousin Laura could have described her hair as "odd." But on the third morning she commenced the subject in a fashion that showed she meant business. No sooner had the great Harding and his team, attended by Mrs. St. Julian and her bevy of girls, started for the cricket ground after breakfast than she descended upon the professor, who was peacefully smoking under the great cedar on the lawn, with her arms full of papers and her fine eyes alight with eagerness.

"Mr. Alleyne—you are so kind—I'm sure you won't refuse to help me."

This appeal was uttered with a tremulous confidence which some men would have found extremely engaging. Not so the professor. He knew too well all that such an appeal portended. Reluctantly he made room for the newcomer on the bench beside him and looked ruefully at his pipe.

"I wanted to ask you—oh, please, go on smoking! I like it. Your cousin tells me you are writing a great book on the peoples of northern Asia."

The professor could have groaned aloud. Perfidious Laura! What! Even this last secret delivered into the hands of the enemy. Perhaps, he thought, this very pushing young woman would presently demand to see his unfinished manuscripts.

"Because," the pushing young woman continued, "I am writing something on that subject too. Oh, not a great book of course—quite a small one.

"And I thought perhaps you would kindly help me with the spelling of the proper names. You see, I know nothing of the dialects."

There was nothing for it but to accede to this exceedingly cool proposal. Alleyne took the sheets and began to run his eyes over them, indicating an error here and there. Suddenly at the bottom of a page he stopped short.

"That is a novel idea."

"Which? Where?"

"Here, on page 91. You suggest that the Ostyaks"—

The approach of a servant with a note for Miss Affleck caused the professor's sentence to remain unfinished. Maud, when she had glanced over the scrap of paper addressed her, heaved an impatient sigh.

"Laura wants me to join her. I suppose I must go. There is nothing I hate quite so much as a cricket match. May I leave these with you or shall I"—

"Pray leave them—by all means." The professor's tone had grown quite cordial.

It seemed this girl did know something of the Mongolian problem after all and had opinions of her own on certain vexed points connected with it. He turned the page with some curiosity.

"Very good. Very good indeed. Remarkably well worked out." The professor read on, ignoring the misspelled proper names, and was covered with confusion when the owner of the manuscript returned to claim it.

"I'm afraid," he stammered, "that there are still some corrections to make. The truth is, I grew interested in the subject matter. Perhaps you will leave the sheets with me a little longer."

Maud accepted this kind offer with alacrity and went to get ready for luncheon. The professor remained behind and took out his notebook. That hint about the Ostyaks wandering had set him thinking, and he felt that his thoughts were worth setting down.

Suddenly the pencil fell from his hand. Good heavens! What was he about? This train of ideas was absolutely new. But for Miss Affleck's manuscript it would never have risen in his mind. The professor was a man of honor. A cold sweat of dismay broke out upon his forehead as he realized the nature of the crime he had been near committing. He to pick a girl's brains! He shuddered at himself.

He shuddered. Yet he was sorely tempted to look again at that half read chapter. For, if the theory put forward in it would hold water—well, the best half of his second volume was just so much waste paper. He pushed the temptation from him to the opposite end of the bench. Then he fell to writing busily on certain slips of paper.

These slips—together with her manuscript in a neat parcel—he took occasion to present to Miss Affleck the same afternoon at teatime.

"What is the meaning of these hieroglyphics?" she inquired. (The professor wrote an execrable hand.) He explained, reddening slightly, that they were "rules for transliteration which he thought she might find helpful."

"They will enable me to correct my spelling—myself, I see. I suppose you did not read any further, Mr. Alleyne?"

"I left off," returned the professor, getting redder than before, "in the middle of the chapter on the Ostyaks. Will you take toast or tea cake?"

Maud was bitterly chagrined. She made no secret of her mortification to Mrs. St. Julian, and that impulsive young woman, moved with indignation, seized the first opportunity of finding herself alone with her cousin to remark:

"Ted, how could you be so horrid to that poor girl about her book?"

"I suppose you are speaking of Miss Affleck. I gave her all the assistance she asked."

"Yes, and refused to discuss the subject any further. Let her performance be ever so contemptible"—

"I did not say it was contemptible."

"You might have condescended to speak of it, one would think! What has Maud done that you should snub her so unmercifully? If she were a rival authority on—what do you call them—Mongols, you could hardly have treated her worse."

The professor was silent.

"Ted! Do you consider her a rival authority?"

"An 'authority!' My dear Laura! It's impossible for any young woman of Miss Affleck's age to have more than the most superficial acquaintance with such a large subject. But a novice occasionally stumbles by chance on a solution of some difficulty that has been a puzzle to experts."

"And that is what Maud has done. I understand. Forgive me for laughing, but really this is too funny!"

"I do not see—to use your friend Mr. Harding's favorite expression—where the fun comes in exactly, Laura. The labor of two years rendered vain by a girl's random guess, which it probably took her a couple of mornings to elaborate!" muttered the poor professor, casting dignity to the winds in his irritation.

Mrs. St. Julian heroically stifled her amusement.

"There is only one thing for it that I can think of. You two must marry, and—fuse your warring books into one."

"Laura!"

"Why not? She is pretty and well bred. Eventually she will come into a good deal of money."

"If this is intended for a joke, Laura," the professor interposed severely, "excuse me for saying that it is an extremely bad one."

"I never was more serious in my life," his cousin protested. "It would be an admirable arrangement. Do think about it."

But this the professor indignantly declined to do.

It was well for his pride that he showed himself thus obdurate from the beginning, for Miss Affleck's demeanor for the next few days made it plain that his thinking—supposing he had weakly consented to take Laura's unscrupulous plan into consideration—would have been to no purpose. The ex-student of Girton, having had quite enough of learned society for the present, proceeded to unbend her mind in the company of Mr. Norman Harding, who had by this time awakened to the charms of her hair.

The professor often glanced at her across the table—Mrs. St. Julian no longer sent them in to dinner together—wondering how any woman with a mind could endure the irresponsible prattle of that brainless giant. Miss Affleck endured it with cheerful stoicism. She exposed herself voluntarily to the infliction, accompanying the big man on rambles in search of wild flowers and suffering him to give her billiard lessons on rainy mornings.

By the end of the week Alleyne had serious thoughts of going back to Oxford. He made up his mind to this step on Monday morning (Mr. Harding having shown himself peculiarly inane and Miss Affleck more than ordinarily tolerant of his inanity on the preceding Sunday), as he smoked his after breakfast pipe in the shrubbery. And he had no sooner done so than a sudden winding of the shrubbery path brought him plump upon Miss Affleck seated upon a rustic bench. She had a writing board on her knee and a pencil in her hand.

"The book?" inquired the professor, with a sickly smile.

She nodded. "My poor little book, which you wouldn't even deign to criticise!"

Her garden hat was very becoming and her blue cambric dress gave the utmost "value" to her auburn locks.

"I didn't—feel confident," stammered the professor.

"Was that why you wouldn't read it?"

"No."

Miss Affleck's expressive face was one large note of interrogation.

"You wish to know why? Well, it was because I found you too full of suggestion. You put me upon new trains of thought. It wouldn't have been fair to you—to go on reading."

"But—but I should have been so glad to be of any use to you!" she cried.

The professor stiffened. "You are very good."

"I wish," she murmured, "I knew what I had done to offend you."

The professor looked at her hard for perhaps half a minute. Then he, too, took a seat on the bench. "You have not offended me at all," he said.

"How beautiful!" Maud Affleck sighed ten minutes later.

"What is beautiful? The day? Or your hair? Or the dispensations of Providence? They are all beautiful in different ways."

"Nonsense! I was thinking that—that you would let me help you with the book now."

The professor started guiltily. To do him justice, he had quite forgotten the book.

"We will collaborate; we will write it together," he murmured. Then he kissed her and rose to new heights of magnanimity. "And publish it in our joint names—Edward and Maud Alleyne."

Maud blushed. "Oh, no! It must remain your book. Perhaps you might put a note in the preface, saying you had been assisted in your researches"—

"By my wife. That sounds charming. But"—he kissed her again and was pricked in conscience—"would that be giving you your due share of credit? You see, in that matter of the Ostyaks"—

"I should like it best so," she declared.

"Of course it must be as you please," said the professor.—St. Louis Times-Democrat.

Methods In Spelling.

Concerning the influence of methods in spelling, a very comprehensive study was made by me, through personal interviews with some 200 teachers whose pupils had taken part in my tests. These teachers were questioned, to the minutest details, in regard to the course they had pursued. In brief, my deductions may be summarized in the statement that there is no direct relation between methods and results. For example, among the points that have given rise to endless discussion is that concerning the value of oral spelling. My tests showed that, while in some of the schools where a special feature had been made of oral spelling the results were favorable, in others they were unfavorable, and the same conditions were shown where oral spelling had been abandoned. Second, much discussion has arisen as to whether, in written spelling, the words of the lesson should be placed in columns or in sentences, but the claim of superiority in favor of sentence over column spelling was by no means corroborated, the results of the sentence method varying just as much as those of the column method.—Dr. J. M. Rice in Forum.

Scenes In London.

Filial regard is not extinct in south London. A young man charged with hitting a woman over the head with a beef bone explained that she had been fighting from 5 o'clock in the morning till noon with his mother, and that he thought it time to stop it. A policeman testified that in the same street two women once fought all day long, stopping only for meals, till one went home and died. Her husband had looked on, calmly mending shoes, while the fight went on.

Cheating the Cur.

"They don't worry me with their savage dogs."

"How do you git round 'em, Weary?"

"When I hear a dog bark, I gits out me memmybrander book an pretends to be lookin round an figurin, see?"

"Yep."

"An they takes me fer an assessor an hides th' dog."—Washington Star.

Queer.

Young Wife (complainingly)—You haven't brought me a box of chocolate caramels since we were married.

Young Husband—That's queer. Now I come to think you haven't remarked that you so enjoyed the smoke of a good cigar since we were married.—Exchange.

Literary Methods.

"Margaret always reads the end of a novel first."

"Why?"

"So she can lie awake at night wondering how it began."—Chicago Record.

Loitering in California.

(Continued from First Page.)

ditto; eastward, ditto, and not a living think in sight, south, west nor east. But northward and northwesterly lies the land covered by the irrigation ditch, like crazy patchwork on the dark brown desert. But whence comes this water? No springs, nor lakes, nor rivers? Seven miles to the southeast among the foothills is a basin, three sides of which were formed by nature and one by man. This great natural reservoir holds six and a half billions of gallons of water, and when the winter rains come it is filled and stored for the crops below, and it is then run out over the land as needed. So here is the key that unlocks Old Mother Earth, and causes here to yield bounteously. It was the first water we had seen for twenty miles. As we approached a small chute, in a ditch not ten feet wide, putting out from the main canal, I was attracted by a splashing. Alighting, I ran to the edge of the narrow channel, when a sight such as I had never before seen met my gaze. The stream was literally alive with fish. Indeed, they were packed as sardines in a box, heads all up stream, the back fins of the upper tiers out of water, a turbulent, crazy, slippery mass. The poor things were shoaling, and were trying to get over the chute. The water fell about four feet, and several large carp almost made the ascent. The only reason they did not was owing to the small volume of water which was going over the boards.

The gardner came along with a pitchfork, and thrusting it into the water drew out two carp which would weigh at least 3½ pounds each. "Did you ever see the equal?" I exclaimed in unfeigned astonishment. "Oh, it's just this way every spring!" said he. "They come up from below, millions of them. Too bad that they die here as they do. But you ought to go out to that corral yonder and see those hogs fish. The literal ditch has been changed so as to give the hogs a chance. They can fish as well as you." And surely enough, as I walked over to the enclosure, there were at least fifty hogs standing in water of varying depth, from two to eight inches, perhaps, and there the fish were swarming in mud thick as cream, and the hogs were making the most of their opportunity. Then and there I saw verified the statement of the gardner. The banks of the stream were literally strewn with dead fish, having flopped out of water and died. The odor from this putrid mass was revolting in the extreme. This may seem a big fish story to readers of the GAZETTE, but I vouch for the truthfulness of every word. We passed on to the house, presented our credentials, and were shown to the room reserved for Mr. Miller, the senior member of the firm on his periodical visits of inspection. It was bright, cheery, and everything connected with the apartment was scrupulously clean. The mercury registered 101° in the shade. What a relief, and how comforting to get out of the blazing rays of the sun!

In my next I will explain how business is conducted at this great ranch, as well another day's journey of 30 miles without water, and of our stop and experience with Mexican sheep herders. Respectfully,

F. W. HOAG.

Pocono Mountain Resort.

A few of the loftier peaks of the Alleghanies are becoming famous for the grandeur, bracing air and picturesqueness of their scenery, where tired workers from the cities may rest and recuperate amid Nature's health-giving surroundings. In this connection the Hotel Grand View looms to the fore front as one of the pioneer hotels to minister to the creature comforts of mountain tourists, with 100 handsomely-equipped and cosy rooms, commanding a splendid view of the Muncy Valley and rugged Mountain Scenery.

Its cuisine, too, is as choice as the scenery is grand, whilst its broad piazzas and ample ground afford pleasure and amusement for the young and old of both sexes "The Grand View" gives big accommodations at moderate charges and to save money all should write for their terms before making final arrangements for their summer outing. For full particulars address, "Hotel Grand View," Highland Lake Lycoming county, Pa.

THE PERSIAN JEWELS.

Nowhere Else In the World Are Such Wonderful Treasures.

Who has not heard of the Persian jewels—their glory, their number, their priceless worth? When the doors were unlocked, and I was taken into the peacock throne room, I found myself surrounded by a mass of wealth unequaled in the world. Nowhere are such treasures, but nowhere also is there such an accumulation of rubbish. I will, however, dismiss the rubbish and refer only to the treasures. Down each side of the room were chairs entirely covered with sheeted gold, and at intervals were tables of gold, nailed, I shuddered to note, with the commonest of cheap black headed tacks!

At the far end of the room was the wonder of the world—the peacock throne. Whether it is one of the seven thrones of the great mogul, and was brought from Delhi, I don't know, but it is certainly the most costly ornament that the eye of man can look upon. I inspected it most carefully. It is entirely of silver, a great camp bed structure, but modeled in lovely designs. It is incrusted from end to end and from top to bottom with diamonds At the back is a star of brilliants that make you blink. The rug on which the shah sits is edged with precious stones, and the pillow on which he reclines is covered with pearls. I could keep on writing about the dazzling beauties of the throne of the king of kings, but I could never get beyond declaring it to be a superb jewel. Some people have valued it at £5,000,000. Its real value is between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000.

But though the peacock throne is the magnum opus of the Persian crown jewels, it by no means extinguishes the magnificence of the other treasures. Who can attempt, however, to recount the number of bejeweled arms, the royal crowns, the fishing aigrets, the trays piled up with cut and uncut stones and the bowls filled with pearls that you run through your fingers like a handful of rice? Every one has heard of the Daria-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, sister diamond to the Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light. Every one has also heard of the Globe of the World, made by the late shah, of 75 pounds of pure gold and 51,366 gems—the sea of emeralds, Persia of turquoises, India of amethysts, Africa of rubies, England and France of diamonds—and valued at £947,000.

Popular One-Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Commencing July 14 and every Wednesday thereafter until August 25, inclusive, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run an excursion to Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, and Long Branch, for which tickets will be sold at the extremely low rate of $1.50 for the round trip. Children between five and twelve years of age half price.

The tickets will be good only on special train in each direction on day of issue, leaving Bristol at 8.24 A. M.; returning, leave Long Branch 6.10 P. M., and Ocean Grove 6.25 P. M.

Down in Maine.

(Continued from First Page.)

The homes about here have a pleasing, cheerful look, and the people seem to be happy and contented. They are frugal and industrious, keep good horses, have good roads, gather plenty of hay, which the frequent rains have made abundant, at the same time delaying the cutting, and they seem to have all the sources of enjoyment that are common to people who dwell near a great city, ministering to the mind as well as the body. Bicycles silently appear and as silently go their way even here, and the little touches that proclaim the wide range of fashion's imperious sway arrest the curious eye, and tell how surely the fickle dame extends her boundless domain and makes the whole world kin. It is something to be able to go far from the fripperies of city life, and yet not find the antiquated remains of discarded fashions.

I have mentioned the quietness that reigns here. Indeed, every day seems like Sunday to me. You listen in the morning and noises are few. At midday you seem to have found a lodge in some nook that tells only of nature's soft repose. At night the stillness is beautiful, lovely. Rest and sleep are inevitable, for neither barking dog nor wandering cat, nor hideous sound of mortal man or inexhaustible boy, takes possession of these blissful nights.

This Quinnebasset Inn, so pleasantly surrounded, has its own distinctive merits. Comforts and conveniences abound. Electric lights are everywhere. The water facilities are admirable, and the pure liquid (for they have good water in Maine) flows from a generous spring whose home is among the hills. Tidiness, cleanliness, good attention, and plenty to eat, so much to be desired by those who leave home in quest of something new and something better, if that anywhere can be found, are the inseparable features of the place.

Is it not an evidence of the weakness of human nature that people eat more when they are away from home than when they are at home? Somehow the enjoyment is just a little greater. Is it because they try to get the worth of their money? No, it is simply because the appetite is better and keener. One eats with greater zest, and zest goes into partnership with delight. Business cares, perhaps, having for a season bade adieu to the busy brain, no longer enslave the attention, and there is a sense of freedom, of ease, of tranquility, which begets the repose and eagerness that the dinner table satisfies; and one is not reluctant to become acquainted with the difference between the simple process of eating to live, and the delicious pleasure of living to eat.

The lumbermen in this region have had a hard experience here lately, involving heavy losses. The Kennebec, as is sometimes the way with rivers when they display their spirit of turbulence, has been guilty of a great freshet, which was the wonder of the population, and especially that part which is transient. It gave them a new interest, breaking in, most beneficiently upon the monotony of the tardy hours. But it was not a beneficience to the lumbermen. Logs in fabulous numbers cut loose from their moorings and cut capers in the swift river running high, which, not knowing the blessing of tides, seems like a monstrous, overgrown brook. It is said that as many as five million logs ran away and floated down the swollen river, but I do not know that they were accurately counted. Be that as it may, up the river a few miles from here, at the town of Madison, the logs are a sight to widen the vision. They are spread out and piled up in a mass of indescribable confusion, giving length, breadth, depth and solidity to the mighty bulk, and presenting a scene which neither pen nor tongue can describe. An army of workmen daily attack the vast heap, and one by one the logs are dislodged from their places in the extemporized rampart and sent floating down the stream.

A trolley road between this place and Skowhegan, five miles from here, give one a pleasant ride. A panorama of beauty greets the sight as one glides along down the picturesque Kennebec, and when you reach the town, passing its mad, rushing, gurgling cataract, you are surprised to find such a beautiful place. The streets are lively and handsome; the houses, many of them, are fine and attractive; bright homes look out on lovely green, sheltered by towering elms; stores of all kinds abound; activity and animation proclaim their presence; and at least one public building, the public library, attracts attention and commands admiration. Such a fine, imposing structure, so nicely situated and so well stocked with books and provided with appropriate facilities, is worthy of the pride of the townspeople. One thing we noticed, placed conspicuously on one of the walls, was a bronze tablet on which are engraved in large capital letters the names of those who went from Skowhegan to engage in the Civil War, and who fought on land and sea for the preservation of the Union. The names are surprisingly numerous, placed in alphabetical order; and this simple and pathetic, yet impressive tablet, erected here to enshrine the memory and perpetuate the renown of these noble men, is like a page of history extolling the bravery of patriots and heroes.

J. K. W

SOUTH DAKOTA PAYS OFF ITS DEBTS.

Farmers Are Paying Off Mortgages at a Rapid Rate and Times Are Better.

Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special]—"The people of South Dakota have, in the last four years, paid off $50,000,000 of their debts," said Dr. D. L. McKinney, one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and they are now paying off at a rapid rate. As things are now going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite for getting out of debt, and fortunately has also given them the ability to do so."

Mark Russell, who represents a loan company which has several million dollars loaned on farm property in South Dakota, adds his testimony to that of Dr. McKenney. Mr. Russell's company stands ready to and is anxious to place from $50,000 to $75,000 yearly on South Dakota farm property, but the agent complains that he cannot find takers for one third of the amount he would like to loan.

"Our company has 1,500 loans in this State on farm lands," said Mr. Russell, "and we have not had over fifty foreclosures in seven years. The company does not own a foot of land in the State and never lost a cent on a loan."—(Chicago Tribune, July 14, 1897.)

That portion of South Dakota which is traversed by the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the finest agricultural and stock growing section of the western country. For "Letters from Farmers," printed in pamphlet form, finely illustrated, and descriptions of farm lands, address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill. Now is the time to look for homes in South Dakota, where land is cheap and good.

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER TOURS.

Two Tours to the North via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the convenience of those who seek the most attractive way of spending a Summer holiday, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged two delightful tours to the North, under the personally-conducted tourist system, July 27 and August 17. The points included in the itinerary and the country traversed abound in nature's beauties. No matter how much may be expected, one cannot be disappointed in Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, or the Highlands of the Hudson.

Each tour will be in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, assisted by an experienced lady as chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies.

The rate of $100 from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington covers railway and boat fare for the entire round trip, parlor-car seats, meals en route, hotel entertainment, transfer charges, carriage hire—in fact, every item of necessary expense.

For detailed itinerary, tickets, or any additional information, address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Up the Hudson.

On August 5, 12, 19, and 26 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run its usual midsummer excursions to the "Upper Hudson," under personal escort. Special train will leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.34 A. M., stopping at principal intermediate points between Philadelphia and Trenton.

A stop will be made at Cranston's Dock at West Point, giving those who disembark an hour and a half at that point, and enabling them to view the world renowned United States Military Academy.

In order to insure an early return to Philadelphia, the stop at Newburg will be omitted, although steamer will run to a point off Newburgh and there turn, this arrangement having proved very satisfactory last year.

Tickets will be sold at the following round-trip rates: From Philadelphia, Bristol, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Philadelphia, (Market Street Wharf), Florence and intermediate stations, $2.50, Bordentown, $2.25; Trenton, $2.00; Tulpehocken, Westmoreland, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Upsal, Carpenter, and Allen's Lane, $2.60; Wissahickon Heights, Highland, and Chestnut Hill, $2.70.

At Germantown Junction connection will be made with regular trains from Chestnut Hill Branch, and at Trenton with 6.10 A. M. train from Philadelphia, (Market Street Wharf), via Camden. Connection will also be made at Frankford with 7.40 A. M. train from Kensington.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Low Rate Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a series of ten day excursions to Niagara Falls, leaving Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington on July 22, August 5 and 19, and September 4 and 16. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each excursion.

Excursion tickets, good for return passage on any regular train, exclusive of limited express trains, within ten days, will be sold at $10 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and all points on the Delaware Division, $9.70 from Lancaster, $8.60 from Altoona and Harrisburg; $8.25 from Wilkesbarre; $5.80 from Williamsport; and at proportionate rates from other points. A stop-over will be allowed at Buffalo, Rochester, and Watkins returning.

A special train of Pullman parlor cars and day coaches will be run with each excursion.

For further information apply to nearest ticket agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

A POET READING HIS POEMS.

Tennyson Inspired His Hearers With Deep Emotion.

It was usually in the afternoon that Tennyson would delight us, and any of the other guests who thronged his house, by reading to us some of his poems. I have heard him read "Guinevere" and many other of his poems. He read in a sort of recitative, somewhat monotonously at times and always rhythmically, but with such deep emotion that the effect was indescribable. I once asked him to read "Boadicea," because of its singularly sonorous lilt, and he did so, though he did not regard it as much more than an experiment in language and meter.

Two of his readings are impressed on my memory with special vividness. One was "The Revenge," which he read to a distinguished company whom he met at dinner at my house at Westminster. Among them was my parishioner, the late lord chancellor, Lord Hatherley—one of the best and truest men whom I ever knew—toward whom Mr. Tennyson seemed to be immediately drawn. The effect of his reading of that noble piece was like that of a vivid picture, as his rich, sonorous voice rose and fell with the changes of the impassioned story.

The others were much longer readings. He read us the whole of "Queen Mary" before it was published. It has never been among the more popular of his works, and I believe that on the stage, even with Sir Henry Irving to help, it was not a dramatic success, but as the poet interpreted it by his sympathetic reading I had never before so deeply felt the tragedy of the life of that miserable queen, with her diseased body, her disappointed love, her blighted hopes and the sour, gloomy, cruel, impoisoned fanaticism which she took for religion and the service of her God. As he read, breadth on breadth of gloom seemed to be falling, fold after fold, upon the life of the unhappy woman, and his own voice was often broken by emotion. I specially, however, remember the ring of triumph with which, after the successful repression of Wyatt's rebellion, the queen is first made to say, "My foes are at my feet, and I am queen," and with still more rapturous passion, "My foes are at my feet, and Philip king."

I also specially remember his reading of the poem of "Akbar's Dream." He told me much about Akbar which was entirely new to me. For breadth and wisdom of thought this poem must always take a very high place.—Rev. F. W. Farrar in New York Independent.

Men's Suits that were $15, $13.50, $12, $10 (small lots) all marked to . . . . . $7.50.

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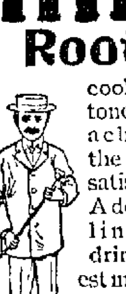

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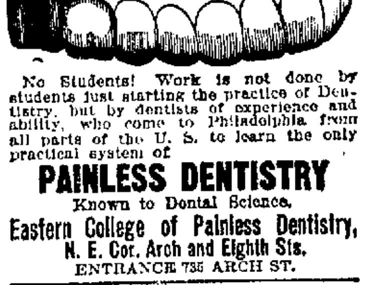

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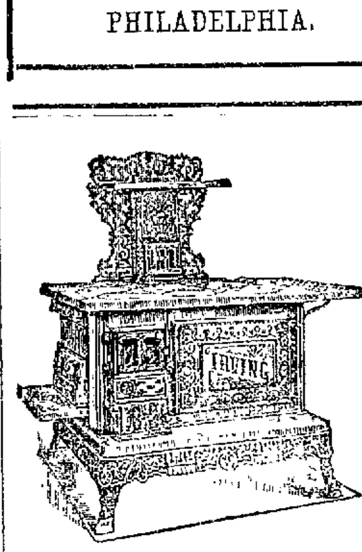

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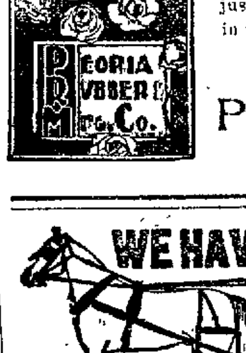

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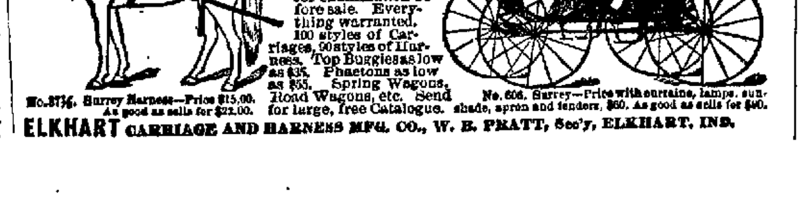

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